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COVER: A Portuguese girl pauses on the wharf at Nazare, a tiny fishing village on the Atlantic coast, to flash a broad smile for a visitor.

See picture story on pp. 121-128.

Photo by Will Glass.

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"And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4). This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Unfortunately, this does not mean approval of the "entire source," but only of what is herein published.

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American Catholics will soon finish . . .

A House for a Lady

By LEO BRADY

ALONG the west boundary of the campus of the Catholic University of America, in Washington, D. C., lies a vast bulk of stone. It is notable for two features. One is its immensity; it is almost 500 feet from end to end and 320 feet at its widest point. The other striking fact is that it is incomplete.

The structure, flat-topped and unadorned, is the basement of an unfinished building. It is the crypt of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. Inside, at the end of a wide, cool vestibule, the plainness of the exterior begins to give way to decorative tributes. Through glass panes in the gray-painted wooden doors you see the marble magnificence of the high altar.

A plaster model of the proposed basilica stands in the vestibule. The miniature indicates the grandeur eventually to rise: the huge dome; the wheel of stained-glass above rounded doors; the stately campanile; the long, high stretch of roof. The completed shrine will match Europe's celebrated cathedrals and will be a fit Catholic companion to Washington's patriotic monuments.

The building now stands barely 40 feet above the ground, but its shadow already looms large in American Catholic life. It is to be a temple to the Mother of God in which her praises will be constantly sung. Its present appearance belies both its ultimate significance and the fervor of the devotional life already carried on within.

Construction of the shrine follows a pattern set by countless humbler American churches. In a new parish, a modest basement is put down and the needs of the congregation are temporarily satisfied in shallow austerity. With the shrine, a similar procedure prevails, except that its purpose transcends parochial limits and the crypt can hardly be called austere.

The shrine was conceived as a perpetual public tribute to Mary as patroness of the U. S., and was located for that reason in the nation's capital. It was planned as the endeavor of all American Catholics, and all will, in turn, participate in the constant witness to Mary the completed shrine will bear.

The stage of construction is no index to the level of spiritual life already stirring. Dozens of Masses

are celebrated every morning in the 15 chapels. Benediction is attended every afternoon during the summer session by priests, nuns, Brothers, and lay students. The sacrament of Holy Orders is administered every spring from the high altar; and hundreds of young priests have been ordained there, following studies in the numerous seminaries which cluster around the university.

In Mary's month of May, a special novena exemplifies the national character of the shrine. On each of nine nights, a different choir, a different presiding prelate, and a different preacher take part. The choirs are drawn from the houses of study of the various Religious Orders. Already the shrine fulfills the ends its initiators imagined for it: the Mother of God is praised, thanked, petitioned, and honored unceasingly.

The unfinished building is a point of sightseeing interest in a city where great monuments are common. Busses pull up regularly at the double doors of the crypt. Guides conduct group after group, Catholic and non-Catholic, along the wide, low, subterranean interior,

larger than the crypt of France's renowned Chartres cathedral and twice the size of England's Canterbury cathedral crypt.

Tourists, already struck with the beauty and wonders of Washington, find fresh cause for awe. From the high altar at one end to the Bishop Shahan chapel at the other, the pilgrim can admire an array of treasures: the 58 columns which carry the affection of donors in as many foreign countries; the beautiful altars, each dedicated to a different saint; the mosaic reproduction of Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*, the promise of Pope



Benedict XV and the gift of Pius XI; the rich Guastavino ceiling; the resplendent floor of marble from quarries all over the world.

This tribute to Mary has been implicit in the life of American Catholics since the Fathers of the 3rd Plenary council of Baltimore invoked her as patroness of the country in 1884. A priest in the then Diocese of Detroit is said to have suggested the actual shrine. His vicar-general forwarded it to Cardinal Gibbons, along with a contribution. Bishop Shahan, who was rector of the Catholic university, personally described plans to Pius X in 1913, and received immediate encouragement. "Nothing," wrote His Holiness later, "could be more useful to the Church or further more helpfully the welfare of the republic."

The American hierarchy lent instant support, and architects' designs for a native variation on the traditional Byzanto-Romanesque style were approved. On May 20, 1920, Cardinal Bonzano, the apostolic delegate, celebrated a field Mass and blessed the site. On Sept. 23 of the same year, Cardinal Gibbons officiated at the laying of the foundation stone. It was his last great public act.

Progress was rapid in the beginning. Donations were generous and enthusiasm was high. Work was begun in the spring of 1922, and the first public devotions were held in a portion of the crypt on Easter

Sunday, 1926. But eventually the great depression came. What could be afforded was done, and the shrine's directors preserved their zeal; but in the 1930's the workmen departed.

Indeed, the undertaking is enormous; and patient years marked erection of medieval equivalents. But stand in the vestibule and contemplate the plaster model. You cannot help recall that since the shrine was begun, other religious denominations have started and finished temples of their own in Washington: the Washington cathedral of the Episcopal church; the Jewish synagogue on Connecticut Ave.; the new Islamic mosque on the edge of Rock Creek park; the Mormon Church on 16th St.

Work on the shrine did not cease because there is any question of the importance of a national shrine to Mary. All during the 33 years since the laying of the foundation stone, Mary as patroness of the nation has become more significant. America has embarked upon an age of faith. The evidence is emerging in every aspect of national life, from declarations of dependence on God in public life to startling increases in vocations to the contemplative life. Mary's life of purity and suffering is more than ever pertinent as an inspiration to women at a time when they are undergoing a severe social dislocation. It is Catholic devotion to Mary as intercessor with her divine Son which distinguishes,

in the popular mind, the practice of the Catholic Church. Tribute to Mary has more meaning and value than ever—yet the shrine is not finished. Metal rods jut out of rough walls waiting for the layer of stone.

But 33 years, long in the life of a man, is little in the history of devotion to Mary. Though early Christians had believed in Mary's preservation from the stain of original sin as far back as the 1st century, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was not officially proclaimed until 1854. The dogma of her Assumption into heaven waited even longer for definition. Work on the shrine stopped, but the shrine and its purposes continued to grow underground, to solidify itself in the life of the Catholic university, of Washington, and of the nation.

Interest never quite died out; always there was a steady, if faint, flow of money to the building fund. Memorial tablets, reserved for placement in the Southern crypt, continued to be sponsored by those who wished their dead remembered in Mary's basilica. *Salve Regina*, the little periodical begun by Father Bernard McKenna of Philadelphia, first director of the shrine, maintained a surprisingly wide circulation.

Then in 1948 (perhaps because peace seemed restored to the world or maybe because the threat of chaos emphasized the need for eternal

values) interest in the shrine revived. Contributions increased. They have risen steadily since. Suddenly, after many fallow years, the immense vacancy over the crypt is to be filled. At the instigation of the bishops of the country, work is to be resumed in the spring of 1954.

The bishops have pledged themselves to collect enough money to finish the work. Their pledges depend, of course, upon the help of every Catholic American if the shrine is to be as national as its title implies. The collection will be taken up in all the churches of Mary's country on Dec. 6, 1953.

The present shrine director, the Rt. Revd. Patrick J. O'Connor, of Savannah-Atlanta diocese, shares the confidence held by his predecessors and children of Mary everywhere. "Her temple will rise; her praises will be sung," says a recent issue of *Salve Regina*.

At the moment, America's dedication to the Mother of God, though actual, is submerged, like the crypt. But just as the sunken crypt participates strongly in the life of the nation, so a hidden fervor for Mary inhabits the consciousness of Catholic Americans. When this devotion comes out into the open, proclaiming itself before the nation and the world, the majestic outlines of the national shrine will rise upon the flat surface of the crypt. The Mother of God will receive some measure of the honor which U. S. Catholics owe her.

The Poor Man's Guide to Europe

To get the most for least when traveling, live like a native of the country you're in

By DAVID DODGE

Condensed from the book*



CALL me a professional traveler. Since my discharge from the Naval Reserve in 1945, my wife and daughter and I have gone around Europe learning how to live on what we earn from writing.

The visitor to Europe who lives and travels as the Europeans do will have a novel and interesting and, above all, economical experience. Another visitor, demanding that Europe provide him with what he is used to at home, will pay through the nose for everything he gets. And it won't be what he really wants, because imitation is always imitation, never the original. Leave the American way of life behind and adopt the European.

As a general rule the best deal for your money in Europe is provided by the low and medium-priced hotels in the private-bath classification. They give you better service, better food, more attention and charm than imitation-American hotels. You will not encounter many fellow Americans, but you

will meet plenty of Europeans who can speak English. They will be happy to introduce you to out-of-the-way places and pleasant eating and drinking habits.

There is a good deal to be said, also, for what the guidebooks call 3rd-class hotels, although you should pick one of these only after you have carefully surveyed the premises. The cheaper European hotels are not necessarily cheaper simply because they are dirtier. Often they are cheaper because they are frequented by poor but fastidious Dutchmen and Danes and Scots and Swiss and Frenchmen. Some 3rd-class hotels are delightful places. Some are lousy in several senses of the word.

In many European hotels, even in England, the price of lodging includes some kind of breakfast. In France you get coffee and a roll. In England you get the works.

For long stays in most European towns, *pension* living is cheapest and best. This means living in a

*The Poor Man's Guide to Europe. Copyright 1953 by David Dodge. Reprinted with permission of Random House, Inc., New York City, 308 pp. \$2.95.

home on a sort of boardinghouse basis. I have lived off and on with my family at a *pension* 400 yards from one of the most elaborately expensive beach-resort hotels in France. For three rooms with private bath, private entrance through a pretty garden, and *demi-pension* service, which is breakfast and one five-course meal whenever the guest feels like eating it, I pay about \$3.50 per day per person. This places it too far down the hotel list to show up on most hotel guides. There are plenty of such family-living places all over Europe. Part of the fun of traveling is seeking them out.

Low-salaried European service staffs must count on small gifts to supplement their meager incomes. You must be prepared, in Europe, to tip everybody within shouting distance. You are expected to put out small change for people you would never think of rewarding in the U. S.: movie and theater ushers, draymen, washroom attendants, museum attendants, department-store employees, gas-station operators, doormen. The trick is always to carry plenty of small change in your pocket.

The correct tip nearly everywhere is the price of a glass of beer in the money of the country. The fair over-all tip, the service charge included, would be about 13% to 18% of the bill. In most restaurants the guest tips the waiter, no one else. The wine steward, if he is someone other than the waiter, has

a right, however, to 10% or 12% of the charge made for liquids.

European night clubs are mostly clip joints. Prices are high. Service charges are even higher. If you are foolish enough to be a guest in such a place simply pay the bill and service charge and get out. Make no voluntary contributions.

On shipboard, at least 5% of the base ship fare should be divided between your cabin steward and your dining-room steward. Another 5% is to be parceled around among the other ship's staff members who have paid you the most attention: \$3 to the deck steward, the same to the bath steward, \$5 to the chief steward, and so on.

Tips aboard an English, Dutch, French, or Italian vessel mean more to those who receive them, because salaries on non-American ships are so much lower. The staff on foreign-owned ships, accordingly, are likely to give more enthusiastic service for the same tips.

To and from Europe, ships and planes cost, in the long run, about the same. Tips, drinks, and other items bring ship-travel cost close to that for flying. Tipping is forbidden on all the air lines. Air travel has the further advantage that a ticket from New York to Paris or other European cities allows for stopovers along the way. This takes care of what otherwise might be extra fare between, say, London and Paris.

The best seasons for European

travel are spring and fall. If you are a winter-sports enthusiast, by all means go in winter. From June to September all costs are higher, including transportation. Several hundred thousand Americans hop over to Europe for the summer season. Several million Europeans move to the country or seashore. The great capitals of Europe are not themselves in summer.

Europe has been civilized for a long time. If you plan your trip as though you were facing a trek across the Gobi desert you will be exaggerating your needs. You can get most necessities (except plastic fabrics, facial tissues, comfortable women's shoes, and color film) abroad as easily as in the U.S. Because of European wage scales, they can be bought overseas more economically than at home. But if it is savings on women's clothes you are looking for, you can't beat American cities for price and quality. The dream of swank clothes, with the famous-brand name sewn in, dies hard; but such purchases are not part of a program of economical European travel.

Travel agents both at home and abroad should be consulted frequently and confidently. Their services are free, and their travel know-how is up to date. The best travel agencies are the biggest, and one of the best of them all is American Express. It offers many incidental services free of charge: mail-forwarding, money changing, local

maps and tourist booklets, traveler's checks, and help with visas, permits, and red tape.

Some countries have excellent national tourist organizations to which it is smart to go for guidance. In Holland, for example, the Amateur Guides association provides a group of young men who speak several languages, including English, who will guide a tourist anywhere for nothing but the pleasure of his company, accepting not even a tip for their services.

And you should never forget that without any language knowledge whatever, you need only to stand for a few minutes patiently, looking bewildered and helpless, and someone who speaks English will come to offer you help.

Anyone can buy more European currency for his dollars in New York, Geneva, Brussels, Lisbon, and Tangier than in the countries where those moneys are current. Herein lies the secret of making tangible savings, all quite legitimately.

You can bring into Portugal, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Italy, and Ireland all the currencies of those countries which you wish to buy with American dollars in one of the world's free markets listed above. But it is different with England, Holland, West Germany, Austria, Spain, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, and the four Scandinavian countries. Imports of their currencies from the free world mar-

kets are limited to amounts ranging from a few dollars' worth to a few hundred dollars. These arrangements change from time to time, and must be checked.

The savings on buying currency before entering free countries vary from 5% to 35% off the official rate for converting within those countries, and average a 10% to 20% saving. A traveler can import into Ireland Irish pounds, bought advantageously in a free market, but not English pounds. You can import into Italy an unlimited amount of 1000-lire notes and smaller bills, but no import of bills of larger denominations is allowed.

France, far and away the loveliest country for tourists, for my money, offers also one of the weirdest and most attractive exchange deals in existence. It works like this. The official, or pegged, rate of the French franc in relation to the dollar is currently 350 to one. You usually get about 347 net, after exchange charges, at a bank or travel bureau. However, the importation of francs into France is unrestricted, and the franc on the world market is currently around 400 to a dollar, although it will go up or down by tomorrow. If, thus, you make 12½% by bringing francs into the country, your living costs will be lowered by just so much.

France is one of the few countries which permit Americans to buy international transportation, such as a plane ticket to Edinburgh

or package passage to Los Angeles, with francs. Other countries permit you to buy plane tickets and railroad fares only to their frontiers with their money. When you pay for such transportation with francs that you have bought cheap, you have thus saved another considerable percentage. And in France there is no transportation tax to be paid on a ticket.

Any American banking house will supply day-to-day quotations on European currency rates on the U.S. market. They are also quoted in many metropolitan newspapers, including the *New York Times*. Geneva rates, however, are usually best in the world, if only you can manage a tour of Switzerland early in your trip.

All black-market operators in currency are, of course, to be shunned wherever they show themselves, and they have eyes for an American tourist like a buzzard has for a dead cow. All forms of deception are futile, as well as immoral, while traveling in Europe. European customs officials prefer to have you tell them little when you are crossing borders, and they will not ask you much. But if you try to deceive them, they will have to have a look at what you are bringing in. American customs officials make it their business not to be deceived. Your declarations must be full and correct.

One more point on currency. You usually need a supply of dollars to

be spent as dollars, not exchanged for other money. Traveler's checks are perfect for this purpose, easily negotiable, and always worth par.

One last suggestion to you as a prospective tourist. Courtesy is, everywhere, in itself a wonderful opener of doors. The formalities are important in Europe. You should learn the words in any language for *Yes, No, How much? Where? When? Please, Thank you, You're welcome, Excuse me, Good day, and Good-by.*

There are in Europe, as anywhere else, some tradesmen who scale prices upward according to what they think the traffic will bear. They will take advantage of obvious outlanders who don't know enough to say "Please" or to count.

The ability to use numerical terms, at least the simplest ones, in a foreign language is very important. A good workable phrasebook is a sound investment. The best ones are the simplest, those with an understandable phonetic key and plenty of single words, numbers, and building blocks for sentences.

A pleasant and kindly manner and soft speaking work wonders wherever you go. Many Europeans understand English, and they bitterly resent boastful, contemptuous, and strident speech upon Americans' lips. Decency breeds decency in return. Europeans are glad to do business with Americans. Many of them must. But they hardly like to give you your money's worth if they are not treated with respect.

How Your Church Can Raise Money

MILTON CHAWETH is the staunch Catholic owner of a service station. He thought that erection of a new church in his home town of Lansing, Ont., Canada, was one of the most important things he had ever been connected with. Therefore, he readily cooperated with the St. Edward's parish Men's club, and turned over his station and a day's profits for the church-building fund.

To rally customers, the church Men's club distributed circulars which were worded as follows:

"Wanted, 1,000 cars. No: you don't buy a raffle ticket. No: you don't make a donation. Yes: you do contribute to building a new Catholic church—when you drive your car into Milt Chaweth's Esso service station.

"Let members of St. Edward's Men's club fill up your gas tank. The station is ours for the day.

"Entire profits for St. Edward's building fund. Location: Imperial Esso Station, 1865 Avenue Road. Date: Saturday, June 20. Time: 7 A.M. to 7 P.M."

Even more commendable, Mr. Chaweth turned over his station to the Men's club on the busiest day of a service-station week.

W. J. Reed.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

How *Not* to Give Sex Instruction to Children

*Information is best given a bit at a time,
if and as needed*

By MRS. ANNA C. ROCK

Condensed from a pamphlet*

In recent years there has developed an ever-growing tendency to overemphasize the so-called necessity of sex instruction. Some authors and parents overdo it. They stir up an unnecessary curiosity in children; they are deceived into believing that knowledge means purity. Mrs. Rock's article resulted from a discussion among mothers. It will help you help your children.

ALMOST anyone will tell a mother how to give sex instruction. I'd like to tell you how *not* to do it.

Rule 1. Remember, you are not teaching anatomy.

When you try to teach your child that milk is good for him, you do not have to look up a book to find out all about digestion. You don't have to know that the milk goes into the stomach and then into the small intestines; you don't have to learn about the gall bladder and the spleen. You don't have to learn about any bodily functions at all. All you do is tell your child that milk is good for him and show

him how to drink it without spilling it.

It doesn't make any difference to him or his future well-being whether you call his stomach a tummy or a belly. You can use whatever names for the parts of the body your family has been using. If he drinks his milk too fast and takes too much of it, you can say he will get a tummy ache or a belly ache or an upset stomach.

Think over your own childhood. You know from your own experience that the words didn't make much difference as long as their meaning was sufficiently clear.

Rule 2. The early questions are superficial. Don't put into the child's questions inquiries that are not there. The first questions are simple. They do not require detailed answers. In fact, they may not be on this subject at all. You only think they are.

One typical mother dreaded the day when her child would come to her and ask, "Mother, where do

*Reprint from the Family Digest. Copyright 1953 by Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., Huntington, Ind., and reprinted with permission. 16 pp. 25¢ (5 or more, 20¢ each).

babies come from?" She was a good mother. She had heard so much about proper sex instruction that she wondered how she could ever give it. She bought pamphlets and talked to other mothers about it. She thought she was prepared for the great day of the first question.

It finally arrived. Junior rushed up to her, and blurted out, "Mother, where do I come from?"

"This is it," she groaned. She put her arms around him gently, and whispered, "Listen and mother will tell you." Then she gave him the butterfly and apple-blossom routine, just as she had read it in the books. Junior became impatient. Mother was sweating. Finally, the lad slid off mother's lap, and said in disgust, "Aw, the boy next door comes from Brooklyn. I wish I came from Brooklyn, too."

Even if the question is what you think it is, your answer can be general in the beginning. You can shock your child by being too specific and exact. Some of the books tell mother to take Junior's hand, when he asks the question, place it on her abdomen, and say to him: "My child, you come from here. Just as the mother bird has a nest for the little birds, so I had a nest for you here."

Most mothers revolt against saying anything like that. They consider it crude. Their reaction is most natural and is sufficient indication that it is the wrong way to give the information.

Don't be surprised at questions or show resentment. Barbara, age 10, was searching for a word in the dictionary.

Her father inquired, "Can I help you?"

"I was just reading a book," she answered, "and came across a new word. The word is *pregnant*."

"Don't ever look up words like that," her father shot back. "Give me that dictionary."

That was the worst thing to do. Such manner of acting puts a barrier between parent and child at a most dangerous period. Barbara will never again go to either parent for enlightenment. She will be afraid.

Father and mother should do all in their power to maintain the confidence of their children, especially in matters like this.

Don't think I am advising you to tell the stork or the doctor-and-black-bag story. You must never lie, but you do not always have to tell the whole truth.

When Junior asks you the first time, "Mother, where do I come from?" it is absolutely true if you tell him, "You come from God. God made you and gave you to me and daddy." That may satisfy him for some time. The time will come when Junior will suspect that God used some cooperation.

Rule 3. The best and most usual form of most sex instruction is informal, not formal; implicit, not

explicit. You give it best when you do not think you are giving it at all.

The best preparation you received for marriage and home making was the example of your own parents. They taught you much without realizing that they were teaching you. You were taught and never dreamed that you were getting lessons. Thus it is with sex instruction.

It is seldom necessary to take your child aside and give a formal, studied lecture. In the normal home, the child picks up bits of information in an easy, natural way.

When the mother comes home from the hospital, she should take care of her baby as God intended. Many mothers raise their babies on a formula. In some cases, that is unfortunately necessary, but that is not the way God planned it. He wants mother to nurse her child if she can. That is best for mother and baby.

There is a vast difference between purity and prudishness. Years ago, no mother was ashamed when she nursed her baby; that was taken as a natural act on her part. In the home, she should avoid two extremes: the one is prudishness, chasing the other children away (that again awakens their curiosity); the other extreme is to follow the advice of some of the moderns: that the mother should make special efforts to let herself be seen, as completely as possible. Both extremes are unnatural and harmful.

As children grow up normally in

the average home, they learn many things without realizing it. With each increase in the family, the knowledge grows. The child need not be told much at all. The child sees various articles of apparel, and accepts everything as a matter of course; at the same time he learns that there is a physical difference between men and women, boys and girls.

This is all informal education. There are no explanations; no lectures. By the time the child reaches puberty he knows much more than most adults think he does.

Every child knows somehow that father shaves and mother does not. You don't have to tell your child about it, and least of all do you have to give any reason for it. Every child soon learns that mothers have babies and fathers don't. Every child grows up with the knowledge that women are built differently from men. Certainly, some of the differences don't have to be mentioned explicitly at all. An infant learns about them at the very beginning of life and grows up in a most natural acquaintance with them.

Rule 4. Don't cause trouble by being an alarmist. Don't warn your child about the possible temptations that do not affect him at all. If you tell him about temptations, you may be the cause of the very difficulty you are trying to avert.

William was a high-school stu-

dent. His favorite sport was swimming. One day, one of his teachers warned him against temptations encountered at the beach.

Years later, Bill admitted regretfully that the talk by his well-meaning teacher opened the path of temptation. He said, "I always enjoyed swimming. I never had any temptation. Nothing I saw ever bothered me. I never thought of it at all. After that talk, everything became a source of temptation. I did not enjoy swimming any more. I had to give it up."

As you grow older, you become aware of the working of the devil in the world. You unfortunately hear about all kinds of evil. The newspapers give accounts of sin that should never be mentioned. Knowledge of temptation can often become a source of temptation instead of a preventive.

Do not become a cause of temptation to your children by giving them unnecessary warnings. You should watch their conduct. See to it that they do not go with bad companions or frequent places that may be occasions of sin, but do not become an alarmist. Still, don't hesitate to give information when necessary.

Mothers are in the best position to advise their girls about changes in their lives as they grow up. Mothers know it from their own experience.

We must admit facts. Fathers do not usually tell their sons about the

changes that happen in boys. Mothers are not in a position to tell them because, most of the time, they do not know about them. This ought to be the rule: mothers should tell their daughters; fathers, their sons.

Nature's way of providing for the release of surplus seminal fluid is often a source of worry to a boy. He is afraid to ask about it. He becomes frightened at what his mother may think if she sees evidence of it on his clothing or bed linen. He must be reassured that this is perfectly natural and is no cause for worry of any kind. When a nocturnal emission occurs, it may be accompanied by unwanted dreams. The boy should be told that he is not responsible for what happens while he is asleep.

A few parents can give all the instructions necessary by word of mouth. Most of them find that method unsatisfactory. Most parents find it better to enlist the aid of pamphlets. That course is to be recommended in most cases. The parents should first read the pamphlet themselves and then give it to their child or advise the child to buy it for himself. After the pamphlet is read, the parent should invite the child to discuss the matter read.

The pamphlets we found most satisfactory, of the many that came to our notice, are the following.

1. *Love, Sex, and the Teen-agers*, by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., (Queen's Work Press, 25¢). This

should be given to the child before graduation from grammar school.

2. The above pamphlet should be sufficient for some time. Then give *Modern Youth and Chastity*, by Father Gerald Kelly, S.J. This should be given before the end of the teen-age period; just when, depends on conditions. It is not advisable to give it until after graduation from grammar school.

Rule 5. Don't forget that the sex instinct is not the same in men as it is in women.

Adolescence, or roughly the teen-age years, are the years of greatest perplexity. It is here that the greatest tact in guidance is needed.

Teen-agers are usually ignorant of the fact that the sex instinct is different in the two sexes. Even some parents may not know this important fact.

Margaret, age 18, went on several dates with different boys. She started out to have good, innocent fun. Almost invariably she ended in disillusionment. As she put it, "The boys get fresh." Luckily, her mother had her confidence. Margaret could always go to her in every doubt.

The wrong thing for mother to say is, "You'll find that they are all the same. You can't trust them. Don't go out anymore."

Psychologists point out that there are two factors in the sex urge. These factors are: psychic, desire for companionship, affection, and

recognition; and physical, the urge to touch and the desire for physical union.

The psychic factor predominates in the girl. In the boy, the physical factor is much more vehement. Ignorance of this causes much trouble and misunderstanding.

The girl wants to love and be loved. She looks for an opportunity to show her affection and to receive affection in return. She does not think of anything else.

While the same is the case with the boy, his impulses are more intensified in his body. His passions are more easily aroused.

The result of this difference is that when the girl by word, deed or manner invites affection, the boy finds that he is aroused in another way also. He may become frightened. He may do things that will arouse indignation both in himself and in the girl. She doesn't understand it; he is perplexed. He is furiously tempted; she remains relatively calm.

Mothers, understand the difference in the sex urge between boys and girls. This will make you and your daughters realize how important it is for them not to unduly rouse young men by their manner of dress. Women often forget this.

Rule 6. Knowledge does not guarantee proper behavior.

We sometimes hear, "Knowledge is power." That has a correct meaning and a false one. Knowledge of

the right does not insure observance of the right. We all know what we should do to be saints. Somehow, something gets in the way between knowledge and performance.

In his encyclical, *The Christian Education of Youth*, Pope Pius XI makes this truth very clear. We can do no better than quote his words.

"Far too common is the error of those who with dangerous assurance and under an ugly term propagate a so-called sex education, falsely imagining that they can forearm youths against the dangers of sensuality by means purely natural, such as a foolhardy initiation and precautionary instruction for all indiscriminately, even in public, and, worse still, by exposing them at an early age to the occasions, in

order to accustom them, so it is argued, and as it were to harden them against such dangers. . . .

"Evil practices are the effect not so much of ignorance of intellect as of weakness of a will exposed to dangerous occasions, and unsupported by the means of grace.

"In this extremely delicate matter, if, all things considered, some private instruction is found necessary and opportune, from those who hold from God the commission to teach and who have the grace of state, every precaution must be taken. . . .

"Speaking generally, during the period of childhood it suffices to use those remedies which produce the double effect of opening the door to the virtue of purity and closing the door upon vice."

Flights of Fancy

Alibiography. *Douglas B. Risley*

The house looked like a lonely old lady hoping for friends to drop in.

George W. Yates

Eyes taking snapshots.

Betty Kjelgaard

Summer becoming middle aged.

Honore Morrow

Autumn is when an unwatched boy, raking, leaves.

Barnstable Patriot

Beauty expert: one interested in the latest wrinkle.

Mary C. Dorsey

A racket squad of children.

Mary C. Dorsey

An italicized smile.

Victor Hugo

Old man polishing his memories.

Brendan Francis

Yawn: the hole made by a bore.

Edward F. Murphy

Close as a tick to a tock.

Bugs Baer

Subtlety: saying what you think and getting out of range before it is understood.

Denver Post

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

What People Think of Sermons

*The 20th in a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST
survey of religion in the U.S.*

"CAN a Man Be Equal With God?" "Testing Our Faith." "Freedom Under God." "Real Security." Thousands of sermons, with titles like these, are preached every Sunday from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, Calif. Millions of Americans hear them in church and on the radio. How good do Americans think these sermons are?

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, in its nation-wide survey of religion in the U.S., made by an independent research organization, asked all kinds of church members what they thought of their clergyman's sermons. This question, unlike most questions in the survey, was asked only of actual church members. Statistics on most questions in the survey represent all Americans 18

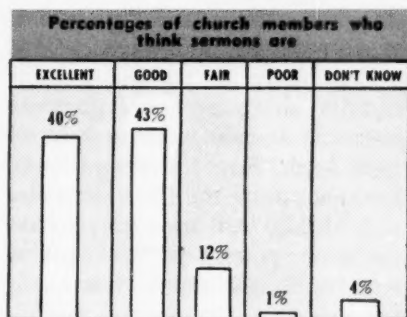
years of age and older, or 104 million Americans, but the question on sermons represents only the 75.9 million adult Americans who say they are formally affiliated with some church body.

Do you think your clergyman's sermons, in general, are excellent, good, fair or poor?

The report for the U.S. as a whole is very favorable. Forty per cent of all church members, over 30 million, say the sermons are excellent. A slightly larger percentage, 43%, judge the sermons to be good. Hence, 83%, or 63 million out of nearly 76 million church members, think the sermons they hear are excellent or good. Twelve per cent think the sermons are only fair, while 4% say they do not know. Only an insignificant 1% say that

Question 24-b. Do you think the sermons of the clergymen in charge of your own local congregation are, in general, excellent, good, fair or poor?

	Millions	Excellent	Good	Fair	Poor	Don't Know
Catholic.....	20.6	43%	42%	10%	2%	3%
Protestant total.....	53.3	39	43	12	1	5
Baptist.....	13.9	36	44	15	1	4
Methodist.....	12.7	36	42	13	2	7
Lutheran.....	6.1	43	41	14	1	1
Presbyterian.....	5.7	46	39	10	1	4
Episcopal.....	2.3	49	36	13	0	2
Congregational.....	1.0	47	43	7	0	3
Other denominations.....	11.6	40	42	9	2	7
Jewish.....	1.8	34	52	8	0	6



they think that the sermons are poor.

The sermons given by Episcopalian clergymen receive the highest favorable percentage. Nearly half of all Episcopalians, 49% of the 2.3 million church members of that faith, say that the sermons they hear are excellent. However, only 36% of Episcopalians, the least of any religious group, say the sermons are good. Sermons given by Congregational ministers rank second in proportionate favorable percentage; 47% of the million adult members of the Congregational church say the sermons they hear are excellent, with a relatively high 43% saying that the sermons are good. Adding these two percentages gives 90%, the highest combined approval of sermons for any religious group.

The estimation by Catholics of sermons given by priests is somewhere in the middle, between the highs and lows of Protestant groups. Forty-three per cent, or nearly 9 million out of almost 21 million adult Catholics, say the ser-

mons they hear are excellent. This percentage is four more than the average Protestant figure of 39%. Catholics and Protestants who judge the sermons as good are practically the same in proportion, 42% for Catholics and 43% for Protestants.

A smaller proportion of Jews than any other religious group say the sermons they hear are excellent. A little over a third of adult Jews, or about 600,000 formal adherents to the Jewish faith, think the sermons are excellent. However, proportionately more Jews than any other religious group say the sermons are good, 52%, and only 8% of Jews say the sermons are fair.

In looking over the statistics for the different religious groups, it is well to bear in mind that sermons play a larger part in some religious services than in others. In services where the sermon is the main part of worship, the clergyman often relies upon the appeal of his sermon to attract attendance. This factor tends to center the attention of church members primarily on the sermon itself, whether favorably or unfavorably.

For Catholics, the center of worship is the Sacrifice of the Mass. The sermon is usually inserted relatively near the beginning of Mass for the purpose of giving instruction on Scripture and doctrine. Somewhat the same situation prevails in Greek Orthodox services. Orthodox Jewish services likewise

center on a liturgical worship of God.

Do sermons appeal more favorably to women than to men? There is a common opinion that women usually like sermons more than men do. This view is confirmed only slightly by the statistics. Forty-one per cent of all women church members think the sermons of their clergymen are excellent, but 38% of the men think so too. There is a difference of only 1% between men and women on judging the sermons to be good, 42% of the men and 43% of the women. However, 14% of the men say the sermons are only fair, as compared with 10% of the women.

Do regional differences have any bearing on the evaluations of sermons? In general, the same proportions are observed throughout the U.S. Nevertheless, there are two areas distinctly above the average, in regard to excellence of sermons, and two areas distinctly below.

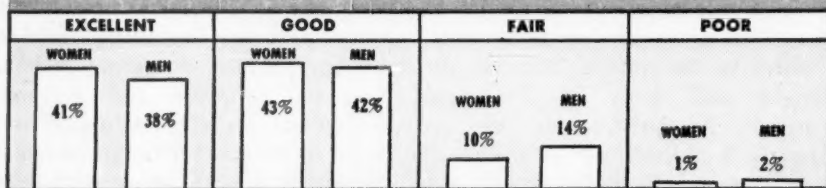
In the New England states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, exactly half of all

church members think the sermons of their pastors are excellent. This is 10% above the national average and 5% above the next highest region, the Middle Atlantic states of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Both the New England and Middle Atlantic regions have the lowest percentage, 9%, of those who think the sermons are only fair.

In the East South Central states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, only 32% of church members think the sermons are excellent. In the West South Central states of Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas, not quite one-third of all church members think the sermons are excellent and 17%, the largest proportion of any region, think the sermons are only fair. However, church members in the East South Central region have the highest percentage, 48%, of those who rate sermons as good.

Does occupation of church members make any difference? With respect to judging the excellence of sermons, there is a 9% difference between extremes. The proprietor

OPINIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN ON SERMONS



or manager class, with 43%, has the highest percentage of those who think sermons are excellent. The lowest percentage, 34%, is registered by farmers, who also have the highest proportion, 18%, of those who think the sermons they hear are only fair.

There are some groups in which there is no significant difference at all. For example, white persons and Negro persons think in exactly the same proportion on excellence of sermons, 41%; exactly the same on sermons which they judge to be only fair, 12%; and practically the same on their judgment of sermons as good, 42% of whites and 44% of Negroes.

Rather surprisingly, there is very little difference of response according to education. The lowest favorable percentage on excellence of sermons, 38%, is registered by church members who have only an elementary grade education. College graduates have the highest proportion, 43%, but this proportion is only 1%-2% higher than those who have gone part way through college and those who are high-school graduates.

On the whole, clergymen can be justifiably pleased with the general reaction of Americans to their sermons. It is a strong commendation of their work that over eight out of every ten church members rate their sermons as excellent or good. It seems likely that the quality of the work of the clergy ranks as

The Commission of the Apostles

AT LENGTH, Jesus appeared to the Eleven as they were at table; and He upbraided them for their lack of faith and hardness of heart, in that they had not believed those who had seen Him after He had risen. And He said to them, "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he who does not believe shall be condemned. . . ."

So then the Lord, after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God. But they went forth and preached everywhere, while the Lord worked with them and confirmed the preaching by the signs that followed.

St. Mark 16, 14-17; 19-20.

high in the estimation of Americans as that of any other classification. Certainly, no other classification would have so insignificant a proportion as one in a hundred who say definitely that the quality of work is poor.

Along with this high commendation, clergymen also carry a high responsibility. For many, perhaps most Americans, the religious instruction they get comes primarily, if not exclusively, from the sermons they hear in church. It is a fact that

the U.S. shapes up unfavorably in comparison with many other countries in regard to provision made for religious education. The educational setup in this country is such that formal religious education has to be given predominantly in the church or the home. Such a situation strikes Canadians and many Europeans as odd, since in those countries the state recognizes the obligation to provide religious education for its citizens. In this country, even released time for religious education in the schools is under attack.

In the September issue of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, it is shown that of 98 million Americans (94% of all adult Americans) who received some kind of religious education, 72% received it at Sunday school, 37% at home, and 21% in a parochial or religious school. Some persons received their religious instruction in more than one place. This is an admirable proportion. It does not follow, however, that the religious instruction was sufficient.

If we consider that education in all other things except religion is required normally five days a week for 12 years, it is hardly justifiable to suppose that perhaps one hour of religious instruction a week is at all adequate. Educational circumstances are such in this country, however, that this amount of religious instruction is all that most

Americans can expect to receive.

Clergymen, then, have a grave responsibility to try to compensate, as far as possible, for the deficiency that necessarily exists in religious education. Sermons are the best means available to them for remedying this insufficiency of religious instruction. For nearly all Americans, sermons are the only formal instruction they get in religion after childhood. Adult education is becoming more and more widespread, but adult education in religion depends almost exclusively on the sermons of clergymen.

Preaching is not the same as teaching, but it is a complementary and higher function for imparting the truths of religion. In fulfilling the need of more religious instruction in this country by giving good doctrinal sermons, clergymen will also fulfill the spirit of Scripture. "Preach the word, be urgent in season, out of season; reprove, entreat, rebuke with all patience and teaching. For there will come a time when they will not endure the sound doctrine; but having itching ears, will heap up to themselves teachers according to their own lusts, and they will turn away their hearing from the truth and turn aside rather to fables. But do thou be watchful in all things, bear with tribulation patiently, work as a preacher of the gospel, fulfill thy ministry."

*
CRIME should be stopped, not in the electric chair but in the high chair.

J. Edgar Hoover

Why Men Don't Talk and Women Do

*Here are some sound ways of prodding
a husband into sharing his thoughts.*

By JANE WHITBREAD and
VIVIAN CADDEN

Condensed from *Redbook**



MARY FRANCES sweetened dinner with trivial chatter. She told Joe what Tim had said in the sand-box, and how gentle Susie had been with her baby brother today. She explained how the lobster salad was cheaper than hamburgers, and more fun. She asked Joe whether he'd read the review of next week's movie.

He said, "Nope."

Then suddenly a shocking thought exploded in Mary Frances' mind: If I never again asked a question, made a remark, offered a comment, Joe might never speak to me at all! This was not a comfortable thought; in a matter of minutes Mary Frances picked up the conversational ball and continued to juggle it virtually alone.

Joe finished off his lobster salad, helped himself to more iced tea, and thought, "Will she never stop talking!"

This scene takes place in millions of American homes each evening.

She has looked forward to his homecoming as a time when they might relax and talk. He has looked forward to it, too—as a time when they might relax and be quiet. His silence arouses in her the desperate feeling that she may go through life without ever knowing how he feels about her, about himself, about the important as well as the trivial matters of life. Her talk often makes him wish he had the nerve to betake himself to the corner bar—alone.

Why don't men talk? We discussed this problem with Dr. Abraham Stone, whose pioneering work in marriage counseling has made him the virtual dean of American advisers on marital problems; with Dr. Albert Ellis, former New Jersey chief psychologist, and specialist in family counseling; with Dr. Florence Hollis, family case worker and professor of social work at Columbia university's School of Social Work; and Dr. Lena Levine,

*230 Park Ave., New York City 17. July, 1953. Copyright 1953 by McCall Corp., and reprinted with permission.

psychiatrist and consultant to the Mothers' Health center of Brooklyn.

The American woman is brought up to give vent to her feelings. Her husband, however, has been born to silence. He has barely mastered the art of speaking before he is taught not to use it. He is not supposed to complain. He shouldn't be a tattletale. If he feels bad about losing, he mustn't show it; he'd be a bad sport. If he's hurt, he squeezes back the tears; he doesn't want to be a sissy.

As Dr. Albert Ellis said, "It is remarkable that partners so differently trained are ever compatible."

Probably nine-tenths of man's reticence stems from his lack of experience in expressing his own deeper thoughts and feelings. Marriage counselors say that many men find it puzzling that their wives need to hear "I love you" often. One man, for example, told Dr. Lena Levine, "How can she think I don't love her? What does she think I work for?"

The same applies to personal revelations. A man with fears and doubts, or with pride and self-confidence, rarely puts his feelings into words. The observant woman gathers from his short temper or his expansive generosity whether things are going badly or well. He doesn't tell her. To him there is something soft in "turning himself inside out," "spilling things," and "making a fool of himself."

When a woman is really desperate for talk, she may try to prod her husband into conversation. She may come right out with, "I want to talk to you." A man's normal reaction to this is "What's the matter?" Conversation in many households has come to mean bad news, a problem. Most men don't think that talking solves a problem. When they are in a jam, they will try their best to get out of it before even mentioning it to their wives. In this way, they believe, they spare her worry and themselves criticism. And they wish women would do the same.

If you are a woman, and convinced that married life should hold more communion for man and wife than the shared bed and budget, what can you do? According to the experienced marriage counselors we talked to, a woman can encourage her husband to express himself more freely. More important, she can stop discouraging him.

She should start her campaign armed with the knowledge that she is right, Dr. Levine says. "Men do need to be more feeling, and to verbalize their feelings. Many problems do get solved through talking."

To encourage a man to talk, a woman has to be able to listen, Dr. Hollis remarks. Most men, if asked why they don't talk more at home, will answer with the standard jest, "I never get the chance." While that's hardly the whole truth, it's

more than a grain. Probably the accurate reply would be, "By the time I get the chance I don't want it."

Most women will protest that they don't really interrupt their husbands, that they would be delighted if men launched upon a recital of the day's activities the moment they got home. They forget that part of listening is simply waiting to hear. A man's reaction to a 15-minute welcoming monologue is: "That's plenty of talk for the evening."

This poses something of a problem for the woman. What can she talk about?

The answer, Dr. Hollis believes, is that women need to pay more attention to the quality as well as the quantity of their talk.

You can't erase a man's entire upbringing in a matter of weeks, but Dr. Albert Ellis believes that women can, over a long period of time, subtly encourage his self-expression. If your husband tells you that a deal fell through, you might say, "It must be awful to work on something for so long and then have nothing come of it." By expressing his emotion, you are helping to counteract his fear that emotions are unmasculine.

The emotional atmosphere of a home can be spotted by its language. The woman who greets her husband and children with enthusiasm, hugs, and verbal endearments, Dr. Levine thinks, encourages her husband to be more self-revealing.

She prefers the kind of woman who kisses comparative strangers on meeting, strewing her *dears* and *sweets* around, to the lady given to emotional understatement. She thinks that the gayer and more demonstrative people are, the better it is for the family.

Dr. Stone says that women are troubled by their silent husbands partly because they need more from marriage than men do. When they are first tied to the home by babies, they start expecting their husbands to fill in for them on the part of life they are missing. This is the time when a woman most needs her husband's confidences. Yet this is the time when she is most likely to make the mistakes that will drive a wedge between her and him.

Another piece of advice to women from Dr. Stone is: "Don't try to lead your husband's life." If you really want him to tell you about his work and himself, be sure that you're not trying to pressure him or manage his career for him.

Many women complain that their husbands show as little interest in discussing their children as they do in talking about themselves. Dr. Hollis found that men often feel that their contributions in this department are unnecessary. They say that their wives talk about the details of child rearing till it not only bores the male parent, but also convinces him that no stone has been left unturned to assure their prop-

er upbringing. A little humility and even an occasional plea for father's fresh viewpoint on the children might encourage him to express some opinions.

Our experts unanimously advised women not to be afraid to fight silence and isolation. If you feel your husband drawing away, don't try to sidestep the problem of how to be alone with each other by never allowing it to happen. Frantic partygoing and partygiving will never help. Not allowing time for silence

and talk, relaxation and activity together will only widen the gulf. Don't give up so quickly.

The fact that your husband is a man of few words at the moment doesn't mean he's not in love with you or that there is something hopelessly wrong with your marriage. It merely means that most women have a job on their hands that requires patience, subtlety, understanding and self-restraint. The reward, a husband who shares his thoughts, is worth working for.

» » « «



I bought a house in 1945 from a young couple. I could pay only a small amount each month. But the sellers were very kind. They were poor themselves, and had adopted two children, but they charged only 4% interest, and any time I could not make a payment it

was all right with them, and they did not press me for it.

Each time they called for their monthly payments, they brought along Catholic papers and magazines, among them THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. My sister and I read them, and became interested in the Catholic faith.

Three years ago, I learned that I had cancer and would not be long on earth. Now, I had never gone to any church, but after knowing the lovely couple who sold me my home, noticing their strict observance of the Ten Commandments, and observing their kindness to orphans and to everyone else, I began to be impressed. Theirs must be the true religion. With their help, my sister and I have become Catholics.

I am not afraid to go when God calls me. My friends' prayers for me do ease the pain, and receiving Communion gives me the peace that only God can give. How thankful sister and I are that we picked this house to buy, and thus met the folks who showed us how to find God and bear burdens with patience. God bless them always!

Bertha S.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Tom Braniff's Occupations

*Ku Klux Klan bigotry brought this businessman
a call to promote brotherhood*

By RALPH LAND

TOM BRANIFF's main occupation is running the air line that bears his name. But on Jan. 15, 1953, a testimonial dinner, sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and World Brotherhood, was given the 69-year-old Irishman, full name Thomas Elmer Braniff, at his birthplace, Salina, Kans. He was awarded a World Brotherhood citation, the highest honor bestowed upon an American citizen by these organizations, for "building better relations among men."

Even before that he had become one of America's habitual recipients of civic, educational, and philanthropic honors. He founded and is president of the only major American air line that still bears its owner's name, *Braniff International Airways*.

Back in February, 1951, the NCCJ had honored Tom Braniff with a

testimonial dinner at the Biltmore hotel in Oklahoma City. This was for his work in 1950, in helping establish the conference's program in Europe and furthering it in our own country.

There was a special reason for honoring Braniff in Oklahoma City. For it was here that he first became enthusiastic about Brotherhood.

Since 1946, Braniff has been the national Catholic co-chairman for the National Conference of Christians and Jews in the U.S. He has flown farther

to various cities in the world than any other person on behalf of the NCCJ, always at his own expense.

Braniff likes to recall the incidents that aroused his interest in brotherhood and which led to his taking an active part in the NCCJ. "I was in the insurance and mortgage-loan and real-estate business in Oklahoma City, and, like others of my faith, was the object of re-



ligious persecution by the Ku Klux Klan.

"I saw businesses destroyed, the legislature and the courts corrupted, juries packed, children in schools subjected to taunts and persecution, and many other vicious effects of a hate organization.

"The damage done to my business was of negligible consequence. The thing which seared my heart and soul was the fact that these things could happen in this freedom-loving country where every citizen is assured of protection against religious and racial persecution under the Constitution and the Bill of Rights."

The men of good will in the community, Braniff went on, constituted the vast majority of the citizens. But either through fear or inertia, they failed to organize in opposition to the cruel and unlawful acts of the small but aggressive group of Klansmen.

"Shortly after, the National Conference of Christians and Jews was organized by men of outstanding character, prestige and patriotism," said Braniff. "I became a sustaining member, in approval of the purposes of their project.

"I made a rather full investigation of the NCCJ, and shortly thereafter was invited to fill the vacancy in the national Catholic co-chairman position created by the resignation of the Hon. Carlton J. H. Hayes."

The NCCJ, recently celebrating

its 25th anniversary, was founded in 1928. That was when Gov. Alfred E. Smith ran for the presidency on the Democratic ticket. Violently opposed by many people solely because he was a Catholic, Smith became the target of a mud-slinging campaign.

Certain men of good will immediately got together to see what could be done. Led by Charles Evans Hughes, Newton D. Baker, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Roger W. Straus, Everett R. Clinchy, and Carlton J. H. Hayes, the National Conference of Christians and Jews was organized to begin "the first systematic attempt in history to outmode bigotry in all its forms by mobilizing the knowledge of social scientists, the techniques of educators, and the moral dynamism of religious people."

During 1950, while in Paris, Braniff became one of the co-founders of World Brotherhood, an organization dedicated to unity among mankind. Other notables participating included Dr. Arthur H. Compton, the American Nobel Prize physicist; former Premier Paul Reynaud of France; John S. Knight, American newspaper publisher; Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium; Dr. Vellera, head of the Fiat Motor Co. of Italy; and Roger Straus, American industrialist.

Braniff has also been awarded the highest honors which the Catholic Church gives to a layman. In 1944, the Pope made him a Knight

Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. In 1950, he became a Knight of the historical Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulcher, a religious fraternity founded in 1099.

Braniff has not escaped the criticism of some of his fellow Catholics in his work for the NCCJ. Some think that he is ignorant of theology and naïve about the Church.

To these carpings, he shrugs and replies, "The work of building brotherhood is not a theological question, depending upon theological solution. My main concern is in building the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

As the president of one of the world's major air lines, covering both the U.S. and Latin America, Braniff has an international slant on brotherhood. He originated the Braniff Business bureau, a free information service about Latin America. Through it he does things like that lizard-skin business. An American representing a tanning company wrote in about his urgent need of lizard skins. The bureau got in touch with some lizard-hunting natives in South America, and an initial order of 500 pounds of lizard skins was forwarded to the U.S. Another time, a South American village needed equipment for blood transfusions. The villagers appealed to the bureau, which sent the request on to a Chicago medical supply firm which filled the order.

Recently, Braniff and Louis Bromfield, the American novelist who makes a hobby of modern agricultural methods, flew with a group of American farmers to inspect government agricultural stations in Peru and Argentina, and to exchange information.

According to *Who's Who in America*, Braniff finds time for a good many other activities besides running Braniff Airlines and working for NCCJ. He helps with the Oklahoma City Community chest. He sponsored, with Mrs. Braniff, European War Orphans. He has taken an active part in the American Cancer society, and currently is one of the directors of the American-Korean foundation.

He is a director of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, the Community chest, and the Grand Opera. He serves on the Boy Scout board and on the advisory committee of the Dallas Pilot Institute for the Deaf. He is a trustee of the Institute of International Education and of the U.S. Inter-American council. He is on the U.S. council of the International Chamber of Commerce and the national advisory board of the Institute of Fiscal and Political Education. He is also a director of the National Parole association.

He holds an honorary LL.D. from Oklahoma City university and a Doctorate in Humanities from Southern Methodist University. His portrait hangs in the

Oklahoma Hall of Fame at the state capital in recognition of his welfare work in Oklahoma.

A friend remarked, "Frankly, Tom, what most amazes me is how you get time to carry on your business."

Braniff beamed at him, and drawled, "Joe, you can always find time to do the things you love to do."

One annual chore that most delights Braniff is dressing up as Santa Claus on Christmas day. Laden with gifts, he makes his rounds among the hundreds of children of employees of Braniff International Airways, assembled in one of the company's hangars at Love Field, Texas.

He likes people. When he is at his office in Dallas he is easily accessible, whether to a friend for a chat, an employee with a personal problem, or to a stranger seeking information.

Leo K. Bishop, vice-president and a director of the NCCJ, tries to account for Braniff in this way. "On my recent trip with Tom, I was impressed by the rugged, pioneer spirit of the people who settled Kansas. Tom Braniff's parents and the parents of the Eisenhower boys settled within a few miles of each other. One at Salina, the other at Abilene. Those were rugged, difficult days.

"As I witnessed this group of men at Salina who were boyhood playmates of Tom Braniff's, I re-

alized once again that it was a hearty breed of pioneer who settled this country and who has given us this generation of industrial, business, and government leaders.

"Somehow, as you go back to the grass roots and see the boyhood homes of these American leaders, you realize that in America there is still opportunity for a lad to go from the other side of the tracks to a top national or international position. You recognize that America still has a way of life which gives opportunity to those who are willing to take it."

Braniff married the former Bess Thurman, daughter of a Missouri judge, on Oct. 26, 1912. They both have known sorrow. Their son, Thurman, died in a private-plane crash, and their daughter, Jeanne, who designed some of the interiors of Braniff planes, died in childbirth.

The Braniffs love children. During and following the 2nd World War, they supported eight European kids, until their families could again care for them.

Tom Braniff's pet project is the Braniff foundation, which has an initial \$2 million endowment fund. It was started in 1944, to support religious, educational, and scientific endeavors that contribute to betterment of humanity.

Tom Braniff's Irish-born parents originally settled in Pennsylvania, and later moved to Salina, where

Tom was born on Dec. 6, 1883. They later went to Kansas City, Mo., where Tom received his public schooling.

After the Oklahoma Territory was opened to settlers under the Homestead act, the Braniffs, leaving Tom behind, went there. A year later, in 1901, he followed his family to Oklahoma City.

His first great opportunity came at 17, when he joined his father in the insurance business. He drove a team of horses through the Kiowa and Comanche Indian country of western Oklahoma, selling tornado and fire insurance.

He prospered quickly. By 1902, he went into business on his own. He took a partner, Frank Merrill, 22 years older than himself. In 1919, Merrill retired, and Braniff bought his interest. His business skyrocketed to the point where by 1923 he was building one of Oklahoma's first city skyscrapers—the Braniff building. By 1927, Braniff had amassed a fortune.

The year 1928 was a turning point in his business life. Without

experience, he entered a new field: air-line transportation. He helped finance and later took over an air line that flew oilmen the 116 miles between Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

Operating at first with one single-engine, five-place Stinson-Detroit plane, and employing a staff of three, the company lost money at the start. But Braniff just continued to expand his route northward. The line was soon flying between Chicago and Houston.

It was not until 1934, when he wangled a government mail contract, that Braniff began to break even. By 1938, Braniff Airways saw its first profits, \$28,000. From then on came steady growth.

Today, Braniff International Airways is worth an estimated \$40 million. Its giant planes fly 18,000 miles of routes in the U.S. and Latin America. Right now, Braniff is seeking additional routes inside and outside the U.S.

"All my life," he says, "I've wanted to see a little farther over the horizon, and the horizon keeps getting farther away."

Elected Selected

DURING a factory council election in Red Czechoslovakia, voters were led to the polls and handed an envelope to be placed in the ballot box. One of the more inquisitive workers opened his envelope and started to examine the ballot slip.

An alert official spotted him and shouted, "What are you doing?"

"I'm just trying to find out who I am voting for," said the worker.

"Are you out of your mind?" cried the supervisor. "This is a secret ballot."

News from Behind the Iron Curtain.

Would You Buy An Old House?

An architect argues against it, unless you have some very special reasons

By JOHN HANCOCK CALLENDER

Condensed from "Before You Buy a House"



WHEN you buy your house you will have to choose between new and old. If you are like most people, you probably believe that "they don't build houses nowadays as well as they used to."

The old houses, say, of Colonial New England, certainly still look sturdy. But big, hand-hewn beams do not necessarily mean good construction. Those beams which look so sturdy were frequently too big. They actually caused the sagging floors and roofs that are characteristic of old New England houses. Charming, perhaps, but not good construction. Wood-pegged joists, also common in old houses, may have been good craftsmanship, but they represent poor engineering. Outdoor plumbing, fireplace cooking, and candle lighting are picturesque, but not very convenient.

Actually, there have been well-built and poorly built houses in all periods. Only the well-built ones last long. Most old houses that you

see today were that kind; the others have vanished. In fact, fewer poorly built houses are going up today because of the introduction of Federal Housing Administration standards and the general tightening up of local building codes. The jerry building which reached its high (or low) point during the 1920's has been nearly eliminated. Most new houses surpass even FHA standards by a wide margin.

But if you should decide that an old house is your best buy, get the advice of an architect before you sign any contract. This is especially important if you intend to remodel. An "old" house, to an architect, means one that is more than 20 or 25 years old. Beyond that age, houses begin to deteriorate. For mortgage purposes, the life of a house is assumed to be about 40 years. That doesn't mean that the house will collapse, like the wonderful one-hoss shay, on its 40th birthday. With good care it may

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even last another 100 years. But a house more than 40 years old requires constant, expensive maintenance.

Besides the high cost of keeping it up, an old house suffers from being inconvenient and uncomfortable to live in. It was designed for a kind of family life that has long since vanished.

Old houses can be remodeled, of course, but this is usually expensive. Here is where most buyers of old houses make their greatest mistake. They often assume that for a few thousand dollars they can modernize a house to a point where it will equal a new house in comfort and livability. The total investment usually comes to as much or more than a new house would cost.

But there may be special circumstances that justify buying an old house. It may appeal to you so strongly for sentimental reasons that you are willing to put up with its disadvantages. Or if you have, say, four children and a couple of aged parents in your family, your need for space may be so pressing that you must forego convenience.

An old house will give you much space for relatively little money, probably twice as much as you could afford in a new house. Big houses were built by prosperous families around the turn of the century. These houses were generally very well built and in many cases have been well maintained. But their market price often sags

because of small demand. Old houses are likely to have high ceilings. They were often built on large, elaborately landscaped lots. An old house will probably be much closer to the center of town than a new house, and this may be an important advantage to you in your business.

Old houses of this type have many rooms, but they are usually all about the same size. You will very likely get larger bedrooms but smaller living rooms (there is usually more than one) than in a modern house. The rooms are often inconveniently laid out by modern standards. Watch out for rooms which can be reached only by going through another.

An old house is usually in an old neighborhood which is quiet and dignified and blessed with big trees. But if you see signs saying "Rooms for rent" or "Dressmaking," you can be sure the neighborhood is on the way down. If most of the neighbors are old people, the future of the neighborhood is very doubtful. Only if you find that some of the houses are owned by families with young children, can you regard the future of the neighborhood as fairly bright. If all houses are in good repair and recently remodeled the neighborhood still has a future.

Homeowners in a declining neighborhood often hope to sell their property later at a good price for commercial use. This some-

times happens, but it is unwise to buy with that idea in mind.

The big house on a big lot is often set far back from the street. This may be an advantage, especially if the street carries heavy traffic. However, it means a big lawn to maintain. The garage is probably at the back, so there will be a long drive to keep in repair and cleared of snow. Such houses are usually set on high ground, with many outside steps. These steps are an accident hazard, and, if of wood, a maintenance problem. Houses of this period often have big porches, which are fine, but they result in unpleasantly dark rooms behind them.

Take my advice, and engage an architect. He will inspect the house, note its defects, and give you a rough estimate of the cost of correcting them. More important, he will explain the significance of the defects, and advise you as to which must be corrected immediately, considering the limitations of your budget. For example, he may suggest the immediate elimination of several serious fire hazards. But the roof, he says, can be patched and made to last another five years or so. He may recommend insulating the house. This one item may pay for itself in a few years. This is the kind of expert advice you

need before you buy even a very sturdy old house.

If you do decide to buy an old house, you must expect high maintenance costs and burdensome housekeeping. These are the prices you pay for extra space. The older the house, the less useful it is likely to be for modern living. By the time a house is 100 years old, its practical worth as housing is pretty slight. But by that time it may begin to attract an entirely different type of buyer, who is interested in it primarily because it is old. There is, of course, no set age at which a decrepit old house suddenly becomes a choice antique. But the old house that survives long enough to become an antique may have its life prolonged for another 100 years or more.

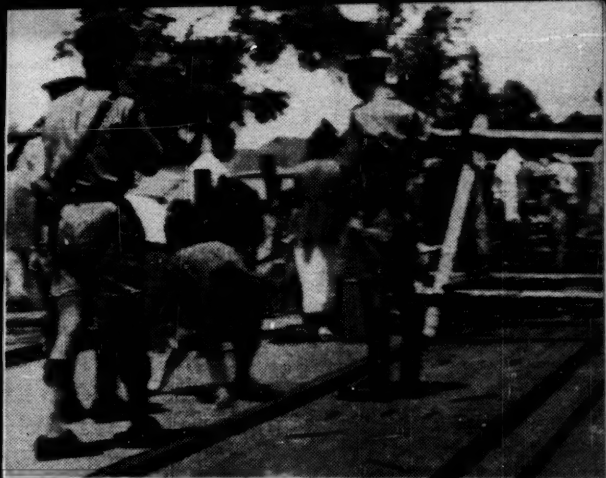
Antique houses are rarely good buys. They should be bought only by families who have an interest in old houses as a hobby. Such people enjoy the endless labor of repairing, restoring, and refurnishing old houses. They don't mind the inconveniences of living in them. Unless you are such a person, don't buy an antique house. Pay no attention to the magazine article which makes it seem easy and inexpensive to live in an old house. It is neither. Leave antique houses to the hobbyists.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
HOLY WHEELERS: people who attend church only in a baby carriage, a bridal car, or a hearse.

Donald C. Wright.

EXILE THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN

Reprinted from the
Missionary Bulletin
Catholic Truth Society
King's Bldg., Hong Kong
Sept. 1953

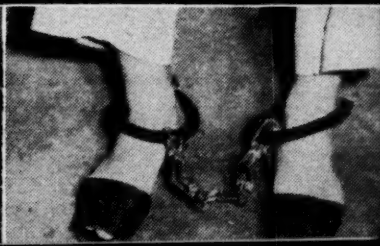


Hong Kong police send illegal entrants back to Red China. This woman kowtows, prays, and begs: Don't send me back! Don't . . . !



The China-Hong Kong border bridge between two worlds. Once free across the barbed gate, a frightened girl rushes down the ties. A man (center) looks back from force of habit to see if he is being followed. On the British bridge, missionaries await expellees from behind the Bamboo Curtain.

"Some come out. The rest are left behind. Feb. 21, 1952. Fu-erh-teh (Bishop F. X. Ford)." So reads the inscription on a tombstone in a public burial ground near Canton.



Father A. Poletti, Pontifical Society for the Foreign Missions of Milan, and George Robson, a British police officer, welcome an expelled family. Viola Natzitch Soong, who was born in Turkey, married a Chinese diplomat. She witnessed the execution of 12 of her husband's relatives. After four years of street begging, prison, and torture, she and her children were expelled from Red China.





Sister Alphonse du Redempteur, 42, and Sister Marie Germaine, 44, Immaculate Conception Sisters, Montreal, make army shoes in the Canton prison. Their jackets are lettered, "Corrective labor, South District." Their five-year prison sentences were cut to 13 months and they were expelled.



The day after release, the "orphan murderers" are welcomed back to Religious life.





Sister Lucencia, 62, Servants of the Holy Ghost, Steyl, Germany, and Sister Mary Dulcena, 53, (below) Franciscan Sisters of Mary, Solka, Poland, labored in Shantung, served prison terms in Tsingtao. Sister Lucencia (at left) was released after 16 months in prison with secret orders: To promote communism in the "unliberated countries," if orders were revealed—death from the underground. The nun in plain dress gazes happily at Hong Kong harbor.

Sister Mary Dulcena enjoys her first taste of ice cream after 22 months in prison. Red policemen violently tore off her religious habit, and chained her hands together. She was released in pajamas. Sister Lucencia gave her petticoat and blouse to Sister Mary Dulcena.



Sister Gabriella, 67, Swiss Dominican Sisters, was born in Cantello, Italy. When she was released last April after two years of house arrest in Shaowu, Fukien, she walked 27 miles over mountains the first day, toward Hong Kong. On arrival she begged: Let me sit down please.



Sister Joan Marie, 40, of Maryknoll, N.Y., carries in her eyes the horror of 16 months in a Canton jail. She was taken to see Bishop Ford's grave before her release, and brought the news of his death to the free world.



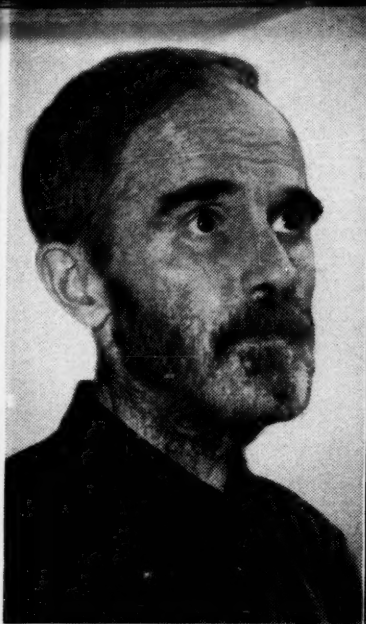
Just arrived from the new China, where bearded bishops are coolies, is Archbishop Theodore Labrador, 65. With him are Fathers Ceferino Ruiz and Richardo Saez. The three Dominicans were expelled after serving prison terms at Foochow.



← His collar marks weight loss for Bishop Patrick Cleary, 66, Columban Fathers. A frenzied mob stoned him during two public trials. He was expelled from Nancheng, Kiangsi.

Father Joseph Lavin, 46, Maryknoll missionary from Framingham, Mass., (right) was expelled from Hoiyin, Kwangtung. He lost more than 50 pounds on prisoner's fare.





Monsignor Inigo Koenig, 51, Salvatorian of Diepoldshopen, Germany, spent a year in a cubicle with one bed for six prisoners. His 23-year sentence was commuted to one year and he was expelled from Shaowu, Fukien, in May, 1953.



After 25 years in China, including two years of brain-washing in a Tsingtao jail, Father Edmund Trachternach, 58, Franciscan from Abergersberg, Germany, was expelled from Shangtung in July, 1953. His wrists still show manacle scars.



↑ Bishop John O'Shea, 66, Vincentian, Deep River, Conn., was carried from jail on a stretcher after serving seven months. Still dazed, but with no malice for his torturers, he was expelled from Kanchow, Kiangsi.



Because he crossed himself Father Daniel Sicard, 39, Jesuit from Bogota, Colombia, was manacled. Because his lips prayed on, he was beaten until cellmates intervened. At the border, his hands were unchained. He had spent 13 months in a jail cell with 22 Chinese at Anking.





A Protestant pastor, Revd. Francis Stockwell, was expelled in November, 1952, after 22 months in prison at Szechwan. With him are three members of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, Father John B. Carrier, Lucon, France (second from left at back), Father Ferdinando Pecorero, Trent, Italy, wearing glasses), and Archbishop Sylvanus P. Valentin, 72, of Paris. The priests were under house arrest for 19 months. The archbishop served the same period in prison at Kangting, Sinkiang.



In one day 19 missionaries in a multi-national group crossed the bridge to Hong Kong and freedom. They are (left to right back row) Msgr. Magenties, Fathers Emile Dewonck, Angelin Lovey, Alphonse Savioz, Phillipe Carriquiry, Francois Ledu, Paul Ducotterd, Roger Du Noyer, Francois Fournier, Maurice Surmon and Roger Ragazzi. Front row: Sisters Maria Inchausti, Maria'Gini, Fathers Louis Pirmoz, Eugene Burger, Francis Gore, Auguste Gratton, Cyrille Lattion, and Thomas Szeliga. More than 3,000 Catholic foreign missionaries have been exiled from China since the Red conquest four years ago. Only 570 are still to come. Many have died, more will receive the martyr's crown.

Science Looks at Sleepwalking

As the causes are learned, the cure becomes easier

By GERALDINE MAVOR

Condensed from *This Week**

SLEEPWALKING is one of the most mysterious acts performed by a human being. Yet we all know of cases of it, sometimes even in our own families.

The idea of a person getting out of bed in a dead sleep, and then walking along a dangerous ledge or making his way through dense traffic is strange and frightening.

What causes it? Can it happen to you? Are sleepwalkers dangerous? Can it be cured? Here are some of the vital questions about sleepwalking that science can answer.

Q: Is sleepwalking common?

A: It is impossible to estimate how many people actually sleepwalk, because sleepwalkers rarely go to doctors. This may be due to the mistaken belief that sleepwalking is nothing to worry about. Sometimes it's serious. To be on the safe side, sleep-

walkers should consult a doctor.

Q: What is the physical condition of a sleepwalker?

A: His eyes may be open or closed, but he cannot see. His sense of smell may not react even to such pungent odors as ammonia. Sticking a pin in him will usually not affect him. His hearing may be so deadened that a pistol shot will not cause him to start. But his muscle coordination may be good.

He may be able to solve problems, write letters, work on paintings, attempt suicide. A German doctor described a Miss Riechel, who used to sleepwalk through the streets of Vienna with her eyes shut tight, and do all her shopping. She never had an accident.

Q: Are sleepwalkers dangerous?

A: Most of them are harmless. If you have a sleepwalker in your family, don't worry on this account. Violence com-



*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. April 12, 1953. Copyright 1953 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

mitted during sleepwalking is rare.

Q: What causes this strange ailment?

A: In his famous study, *Sleepwalking and Moonwalking*, Dr. J. I. Sadger, of Vienna, reveals that sleepwalking is a method of wish fulfillment which lies close to the dream life. A desire repressed during waking hours, Dr. Sadger says, may "dodge the personality" and emerge during sleep. Dr. M. N. Pai, of Dartford, England, has discovered that almost every adult sleepwalker also walked as a child. Of 117 sleepwalkers Dr. Pai studied, all had a history of childhood walking. Most children who sleepwalk are insecure, Dr. Pai believes. They sleepwalk to satisfy their desire to climb into bed with mother or father.

Sleepwalking is most prevalent during adolescence. The adolescent walks because he cannot overcome his dream as well as an adult can.

Q: Are there definite stages that lead up to the actual sleepwalking?

A: Usually, the person dreams, begins to talk out loud, moves his arms and body, sits up. He finally swings his legs out of bed and starts to walk.

Q: Is it true that sleepwalkers can perform superhuman acts?

A: They certainly can. Dr. G. Richardson reported the case of an army officer who walked on his palms across the ledge of a tin roof, and splintered huge wooden beams with his bare hands. Re-

markable memory feats have also been accomplished by sleepwalkers.

In his treatise, *Mysteries of the Vital Element*, Dr. Robert Collyer describes a girl who, though uneducated, could recite entire passages of Homer in the original Greek while sleepwalking. Dr. Collyer finally solved this mystery when he discovered that the girl had once worked in the house of a minister who read Homer aloud. The Greek words had apparently been absorbed by her subconscious.

Q: What do sleepwalkers dream about?

A: Dr. Samuel A. Sandler made a study of 22 sleepwalking soldiers at Camp Lee, Va. He found that most of them had nightmares in which they dreamed of being bitten by snakes, being chased by men with knives, being attacked by rabid dogs. Sometimes, in these nightmares, they fancied that their fathers appeared and saved them. Some fell down while sleepwalking and were hurt; others went on long hikes without mishap.

Q: How can you bring a sleepwalker out of his trance?

A: By calling his name. But he is usually difficult to rouse and remembers nothing of what has occurred. Some sleepwalkers are refreshed, as from a deep sleep, others fatigued.

Q: Is sleepwalking hereditary?

A: No. Sleepwalking comes from unconscious conflicts. However, it frequently recurs in highly neurotic

families. "Unlike many neurotics," Dr. Sandler says, "sleepwalkers do not necessarily come from broken homes. Their mothers were not well liked by them, but their fathers always occupied a special place in their lives. Their fathers were feared, respected or idolized."

The soldiers whom Dr. Sandler observed had an average of 5.5 brothers and sisters. Usually these somnambulists were the youngest in their families. Many of the families had had histories of mental illness. Dr. Charles O'Donovan of Baltimore reported the case of a sleepwalking father who reared four sleepwalking daughters.

Q: What are sleepwalkers like when they're awake?

A: Psychiatrists say they tend to be overprotected and immature. Dr. Sandler found that his soldiers had gentle day personalities, but that their night personalities were argumentative and hostile.

Q: Is there a cure for sleepwalking?

A: Although difficult to treat, a

large number of sleepwalkers have been helped by psychiatry. Dr. Pai found that the sleepwalkers he studied were emotionally unstable. Usually, they had unsolved school, financial, or domestic problems. Anxiety of one kind or another, Dr. Pai thinks, accounts for most sleepwalking. Hypnotism helped Dr. Pai uncover the sources of these anxieties.

Children who sleepwalk should be treated immediately, for the sooner the treatment, the easier the cure. A 12-year-old boy who had begun to walk in his sleep was found to be under considerable strain. He had a great amount of school work (he hated school), a heavy schedule of religious training, and frail health that kept him from playing with other children. A readjustment of this child's life by a psychiatrist removed the pressure on him. He stopped sleepwalking.

Although sleepwalking is still one of man's most mysterious ailments, progress is being made.

Who Boasts Last, Boasts Best

W E HUMAN BEINGS find it difficult not to boast when we have done a good job. But too many boast at the wrong time.

One successful man said he owed his success to a close study he made of his Dominicker rooster. That rooster was a powerful fighter. He could fly higher and cut deeper than any other rooster in the neighborhood. But he often lost fights against weaker foes.

His trouble was that right in the middle of a fight, he would stop to crow.

Felix Hartlep.

Are People As Good As They Used to Be?

*The 21st of a series of articles on the CATHOLIC DIGEST
survey of religion in the U.S.*

THE WORLD is going to the dogs. But what can you expect? Modern youth cares nothing for right and wrong anymore." People have been talking like this almost continuously since the dawn of civilization. Some of the world's oldest writings contain complaints about the conduct of "modern youth." Age seems always to grumble about the antics of youth.

Within the last 50 years, however, some of the teachings of secular psychologists and sociologists have undermined the moral sense of young people. They are told, for example, that there is no such thing as good or bad behavior, that there is only "normal" and "abnormal" behavior. Ever since a Russian scientist named Pavlov succeeded in causing the saliva of a dog to flow whenever he rang a bell, the conditioned-reflex theory of human conduct has been used to destroy the old morality. To the materialistic scientist, man is nothing more than a higher animal, and his behavior depends on how he reacts to stimuli. According to this notion, the man who spends his pay check in a tavern while his

family starves has no more choice than a hairpin attracted by a magnet. He chooses the tavern, not by misuse of his free will, but because the tavern exerts on him a greater pull than his family.

Has American youth been corrupted by the pseudo science of our age? To find out, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey asked: Do you think that young people today have as strong a sense of right and wrong as the young people had, say, 50 years ago?

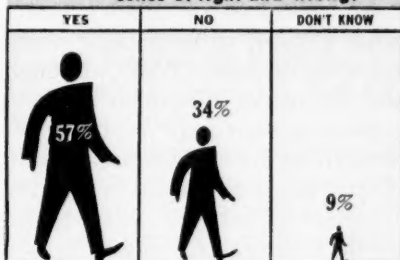
Of the 104 million Americans who are 18 years of age or older, 57% thought very definitely that young people today have just as much sense of right and wrong as young people ever did. Some 9% were not sure, and only 34% were certain that the moral sense of youth had declined. Significantly enough, the 12.8 million people aged 65 and over were the most inclined to think that young people don't know the difference between right and wrong. Only 47% of this group thought that young people still have a strong moral sense, as compared with a figure of 60% for those in the 35 to 44 age bracket,

representing 22.3 million people. Young people held themselves in a lower opinion, with only 55% of the 11.8 million people aged 18 to 24 certain that young people today have as strong a moral sense as young people did 50 years ago.

It seems that times do not change as much as we sometimes think. Age still complains of the morals of youth; young people are still unsure of themselves; and those of middle age can still see youth in perspective. Eleven per cent of those in the 18 to 24 bracket couldn't decide the question, whereas only 8% of the 65-up group were undecided. As for those who thought that young people today know definitely less of right and wrong than young people did 50 years ago, the figure for ages 18 to 24 was 34%, the same as the national average. Ironically, 45% of those 65-up took this view.

There was little disagreement among Catholics and Protestants on the question. Protestant answers were almost identical with the national average, with 57% of the 71.1 million Protestants answering Yes; 35%, No; and 8%, undecided. Catholics were a shade less confident of the morals of youth, with 56% answering Yes; 34%, No; and 10%, undecided. However, the 3.5 million American Jews gave modern youth a ringing vote of confidence, with 73% of them holding that youth today has as good a sense of right and wrong

Question: Do you think youth still has a sense of right and wrong?



as 50 years ago. Only 20% of the Jews thought not, and 7% were undecided.

The sexes were in fairly close agreement: 56% of the men and 58% of the women thought that youth is still morally responsible. White people were more optimistic on this question than Negroes, with 57% of the white people answering Yes as against only 47% of the Negroes who took the happy view. The same percentage of whites and Negroes were undecided (9%), leaving a clear difference of 10% in the attitudes of both groups.

Those who had from one to three years of college were most inclined to ascribe a moral sense to youth, with 67% of them answering the question affirmatively. Those who had a grade-school education were the least inclined to this view. Generally speaking, one's trust in youth seemed directly related to his degree of education, except that college graduates were less trustful than those who had been to college but who did not finish.

Of the occupational groups, proprietors and managers seemed the most confident of youth's moral sense (62%), while manual workers were the least (55%), although the differences of opinion by occupational groups were not great and showed no very significant pattern. There did seem to be a definite relationship between income and attitude, however. Those in the upper-income group showed more confidence in youth (64%) than those in the lower group (50%), with the middle-income group neatly in the middle (59%). The smaller your income the more likely you are to shake your head over the antics of modern youth.

Strangely enough, those who live in small towns showed the most confidence in the morals of youth, while those who live in small cities showed the least. Some 59% of the 35.9 million people living in communities of less than 10,000 (but not rural communities) thought that the moral sense of youth is as strong today as at the turn of the century. But only 54% of the 8.2 million people living in small cities of 10,000-25,000 population agreed. Both those living in larger cities and those living in rural communities were more confident of the morals of youth.

A person's opinion on the question seems little affected by the part of the country in which he lives, except that people in the South Atlantic states of Delaware,

Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida, as well as the District of Columbia, put more faith in youth's morals than the people of New England (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut). Some 60% of the former group answered Yes to the question, against 53% of the latter group.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey next asked: "Do you think people in general today live as good lives—honest and moral—as they used to?" On this point, Americans were not so optimistic. Of the 104 million adult Americans, less than half, 47%, could answer unhesitatingly that they thought people did. Nearly the same number, 46%, thought they did not. Only 7% were undecided. When the question was put to Catholics, 54% of the 23.7 million adult American Catholics thought people were just as good today as they ever were. Some 37% thought not, and 9% were undecided. The 3.5 million American Jews took an even more optimistic view: 58% affirmed that people are as good as ever, 34% believed they were not, and 8% were undecided. Perhaps the great age of the Jewish and Catholic religions makes their proponents think that human nature doesn't change very much from century to century.

When the question was put to the 71.1 million Protestants, only

44% thought that people are as good today as ever, while 49% thought they were not. Some 7% were undecided. Of the Protestant groups, the Baptists took the grimmest view, with only 34% of them affirming that human nature is as good as ever, and 60% of them answering that people are not. Only 6% were undecided.

Dividing the answers according to sex, the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey found that 49% of the men and 45% of the women thought that people are as good today as ever, while 45% of the men and 46% of the women thought not. Though less inclined to blame youth for the world's troubles, women are not so optimistic about human nature in general as men are.

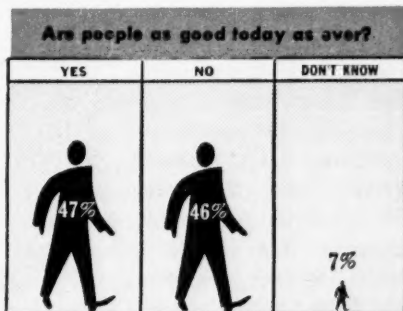
People of full maturity (between the ages of 45 to 54) were most inclined to think that people live as good lives today as formerly, 52%; while people over 65 were least inclined to be optimistic, 34%. Except for these two groups, age did not seem to affect opinion greatly. Generally speaking, the young and the old seem to take a dimmer view of human conduct than those in the prime of life.

White people and Negroes differed markedly on the question. Only 27% of the 10.3 million American Negroes felt that human conduct had not changed, as compared with 49% of the whites who took this view. Some 68% of the Negroes thought that people are

not as good any more, and 5% couldn't make up their minds. Of the 93.7 million American whites, some 44% thought that people today do not live as good lives as human beings once did, and 7% were undecided.

As for the effect of education on opinion, it was again those who had one to three years of college who took the most optimistic view (57% answered Yes) and those who had only a grade-school education who took the least optimistic position (with only 40% answering Yes). However, since there are 25 million Americans of grade-school educational level and only 7.3 who fall in the 1-3-years-of-college category, the former group outvoted the latter.

There was also a direct relation between size of income and optimism on this point. Some 56% of the 17.7 million people in the upper-income group thought that people are just as good today as they used to be, while only 39% of the 33.3 million people in the



Information on technical research procedures of this survey may be obtained by writing to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, St. Paul office, or to Ben Gaffin and Associates, Board of Trade Bldg., Chicago, Ill. A complete report on the study will be published later in book form.

lower-income group shared their attitude. The 53 million people of middle-income fell nicely in the middle, with 49% answering Yes. Remarkably, the percentage of indecision on this question ran pretty consistently the same for all groups.

People living in smaller towns, of 10,000 to 25,000 population, were far less optimistic than those living in small cities, of 25,000 to 100,000. Of the people from smaller towns, only 39% thought that people are as good today as ever, whereas 52% of those living in small cities thought they are. People of larger and smaller communities differed much less on this point.

People of the East South Central states, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, took a much less happy view of modern morals than did the people of the Middle Atlantic states, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Some 50% of the people in these states thought that people are as good today as ever, while only 32% of the East South Central (Kentucky,

Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi) people agreed with them. The people of the six New England states, (Maine New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island), though more optimistic than their East South Central fellow Americans, were also more undecided, with a high 10% of them unable to make up their minds on the question.

When the answers to the two questions are put together, it becomes apparent that, roughly speaking, a little more than a third of the 104 million adult Americans think that there is something wrong with our civilization, that people simply are not as good as they used to be. However, it is refreshing to see that Americans are not entirely inclined to blame youth for the world's troubles, since the answers to the first question were considerably more optimistic than the answers to the second.

Indeed, you have often heard it charged with some truth that the tragic misdeeds that have made the 20th century a truly frightening era have been made by the elders, while youth is left to bear the brunt of the disasters that follow. When we consider the great heroism and self-sacrifice displayed by the youth of all nations in two great international catastrophes, what elder person can say, "The world is going to the dogs. But what can you expect, what with the conduct of modern youth?"

De Valera at 70

*The Taoiseach's last 21 years have encompassed his change
from a hunted rebel to the head of a nation*

By KEES VAN HOEK

THE YEAR before the war, I spent a few days in the home of the late Emil Ludwig, the biographer. One evening after dinner, the talk veered round to great men, and Ludwig promptly called upon his guests to list the five greatest men of our era. We had to first define the meaning of "greatness" with some precision. "Was it greatness of creation, as in Sibelius?" asked the composer Bloch. Lady Chamberlain suggested that we should judge by the impact of a man on the destiny of his country. That brought up people like Masaryk, Kemal Ataturk, Roosevelt, Hitler, Stalin. Then came a paring down to those who wrought the most revolutionary and lasting changes with the smallest sacrifices in lives and freedom.

We argued each nomination like "devil's advocates" before the Roman Rota. Gradually the name of Eamon De Valera moved to the

top of the list we were drawing up.

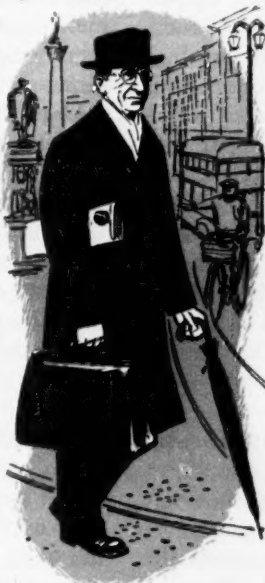
I began thinking of a certain evening long before in the press gallery of Dail Eireann, the Irish Commons. I was listening to De Valera, winding up a three-day debate on a motion of confidence in his cabinet.

For two hours he held the packed house, in which his political future depended on the narrowest margin. Once more the spell of his singular

personality held; he won his continuation of office by 73 to 71.

His performance was the more impressive, because his bad eyesight does not allow him to study his notes beforehand.

Three times in his political career his sight has threatened to fail him completely. He was operated upon in the middle 30's by a Swiss specialist, and again during the war by an Irish ophthalmologist. Only last autumn a famous Dutch surgeon,



by three delicate and speculative operations, saved him from going blind completely.

As things are now, De Valera does not read at all. His first profession and abiding passion was mathematics. He read Einstein in prison and took quaternions along on his journeys. He has been all his life an omnivorous reader and book collector; he has a big library of his own. For such a man, not to be able to read is a bad enough affliction. For the head of a government, it would seem impossible. That De Valera manages to continue serenely at the helm of his ship seems clear proof of greatness.

Everything is read to him by a handful of close colleagues. Among them is a woman, his lifelong private secretary, Kathleen O'Connell. She is a Kerry girl who met him first in America. Said one of his assistants, "The chief has a quadrilateral mind; I need only give him one corner and he already sketches in the rest." Or another: "Tell him two facts and he knows the other 20." They work as a team, and upstairs in the Government buildings behind Leinster House, the seat of Parliament, Dev moves freely from one room to the other as he needs them.

Not even his closest collaborators know exactly how things are. They have never seen a twinge of self-pity. Dev doesn't talk about his eyes just as he never mentions his health or personal life. They are

occasionally surprised by the things he does see, literally out of the corner of his eyes behind his untinted and not noticeably thick lenses. "You look very natty today," he told one who had put a new suit on that morning. Recently he had his car, a black Dodge, stopped as he passed one of his brain trust on the square. "Your wife will kill you," he told his associate, "the way you ruin your pockets by stuffing them with papers."

All through his life he has persisted, even when everybody and everything seemed against him. This quality, plus a formidable brain, has enabled him to continue at the highest post in the land. He listens, questions, dictates, and listens back. Gradually every argument and figure is not merely memorized: it has become part of him.

Dev's speeches contain little of the Irish tradition. They have none of the eloquence of Grattan, the wit of Curran, the good humor of O'Connell, the spellbinding of Larkin. At worst, he is dull with an irksome, repetitive attention to detail which must be a legacy from his teaching years. Occasionally he can sound a winning Arcadian note with a deep religious undertone. Such may seem naïve to outsiders, but the less materialistic Irish instinctively understand it, this note which betrays that the mathematician-premier is fond of poetry, notably Francis Thompson's.

At his best, he is most extraordinarily effective in his burning sincerity. Perhaps the greatest instance of that was his reply to Churchill's VE-day broadcast. The British prime minister had gone out of his way to attack the Irish leader. All Ireland listened in to Dev's rejoinder, and was deeply moved by its serene strength. When Dev entered the Dail the next day, something happened which still stands as unique in Irish parliamentary history. All the deputies, government and opposition alike, rose from their seats and cheered. The affectionate telegram Churchill sent De Valera last year on his 70th birthday, which wished him "many more years of vision" may have been the honorable amends of one great man to another.

De Valera has long ceased to be lanky and gaunt. His straight tallness has filled out to what the Irish phrase calls "a fine figure of a man." At nearly 71, his dark brown hair is obstinately refusing to thin or gray. His face, too, is fuller, and has more color. For all its impressive strength, deep lined and strong featured, it is an extraordinarily mobile face. As curiously contradictory seems the slightly metallic voice, which is never grating but which has a warm undertone. It is a voice capable of infinite inflections of feeling, from great tenderness to deep anger.

I have heard the late Professor Joad testify that he got an impres-

sion of greatness from Dev such as he had derived from nobody else.

I have heard people, as poles apart as a Nobel prize winner and a boxer, tell with astonishment how much they felt at ease with him. Yet, he has no different moods for different people.

His manners are not those of an exclusive school but of a gentleness of the heart. He can be very angry, but never discourteous nor even impatient. He has never descended to personalities, not even when the insults of opposition deputies wounded him deeply. He has no hate: the key to his life is that if he had, he would have been a failure. He has not a trace of the anti-British feeling of so many other Irish leaders who fought for independence against British domination.

What is the secret with which this serious man wins over everybody? It could be his abiding interest in the human element in others. He weighs all problems against human values. Hence his constant pre-occupation with unemployment. He presides over the special cabinet committee on employment apart from the regular Tuesday and Friday cabinet meetings. His other abiding interest is his chancellorships of the National university and the Dublin Institute of Higher Studies, which latter he founded and which is one of the monuments of his premiership.

Part of his attraction is his sense of humor. He smiles easily and laughs heartily at a good joke. He made one of his own at Ennis. While he was speaking there in 1922, the meeting was broken up by Free State troops and he was arrested. On being released a year later, he promptly returned to Ennis, and began, "As I was saying before I was interrupted. . . ."

Since he became Prime Minister (*Taoiseach* or "leader" in Gaelic) 21 years ago, the De Valera family has lived in a roomy house, Teach Cuilinn (Holly House), on a quiet street in Blackrock. His wife, whom he got to know as Sinead Flanagan when she taught him Irish, is a slightly built lady who runs the house with one maid. She rarely appears in public; occasionally attends with her husband a party *ceilidhe*; her hobby is writing Gaelic plays for children.

Their widowed eldest son Vivion (a barrister, a deputy, a major of the Irish army reserve, and the managing director of the *Fianna Fail* daily paper, the *Irish Press*) and his children live with them. All over the rooms are Sean O'Sullivan drawings of the other children. Eamonn, who resembles his father most, is a gynecologist with a large Dublin practice. Ruadhre (Rory), an archaeologist by devotion, is a civil servant on the Ordnance survey. Their youngest son Toirleach (Terry) is a solicitor with a flair for composing

which must come from Dev's father, who was a musician. Their daughter Mairin (Maureen) is a research scientist who lectures in botany at Galway university. Emer is married to the Gaelic scholar Brian O Cuiv. Dev has a small dozen grandchildren of whom he is extremely fond.

He has always been a family man. His home is his greatest relaxation. He likes listening to the radio, occasionally goes to the theater for Shakespeare or a Gaelic play, which he follows with attention. The films have passed him by entirely. Of the arts, sculpture appeals most to him. His greatest interest today is conversation of the sort which gives his mind full play. The Irish can be very good at this sort of thing.

He hears Mass every morning. (Visiting Rome as prime minister, he asked to serve Mass in the Catacombs.) Afterwards, he takes a brisk stroll along the sea front. He reaches his office about 10, and always goes home for lunch, but when the Dail sits he does not return until late.

Dev has never been known to take a holiday, but almost every Sunday he goes to the country for a long tramp through the fields and over the hills, sporting a beret. Usually, though, he dresses soberly in dark gray or black. His overcoat is shorter and his felt hat is smaller-brimmed than in early days. Even now, his academy portraits could

hardly qualify him as a fashion plate.

He quit smoking before he entered his first prison, Dartmoor. By foreswearing it first, he made it something that his jailers could not take away from him. He drinks but seldom, and he never uses spirits.

Dev is, for one of his position, a comparatively poor man. He has been offered a fortune for his memoirs.

All such offers he has refused on the ground that the history of his life is that of the nation. He feels he cannot cash this in for personal gain.

It has been quite a life, at that. Born in New York and having lost his father, he came at the age of three to a small farm in County Limerick to live with his grandparents. His childhood thereafter was not marked by any special incident.

Through his great love of books, he gravitated into schoolteaching. But he left his teacher's desk at 31 when "Up the Rebels" resounded throughout Ireland. He marched off—into history.

He was the last of the commanders of the 1916 Rising to surrender. Because of his American birth, he was the only one not executed by the British. They commuted his death sentence to penal servitude for life, and he was shipped to Dartmoor prison. Later, he served in Maidstone, Lewes, and Penton-

ville before he was amnestied. He was arrested again, but made his escape from Lincoln jail. But that's a long story.

De Valera was elected president of a country in full rebellion, and first exercised his functions with a price on his head. He managed to stow away on a liner and went to America where he tried to awaken interest in the Irish cause. He went through the ordeal of civil war (which he had tried to prevent) and spent a year in solitary confinement in a Free State prison.

Yet his return was matched by no other leader of our time, from Kerensky to Brüning. As head of the new government he transformed his country into a truly sovereign state. He gave it a constitution. As President of the Council and later of the Assembly of the League of Nations he won world recognition for himself and for Ireland. He piloted his country through a world war which drew in nearly every nation. Ever since, he has been the leader of the nation rather than the party.

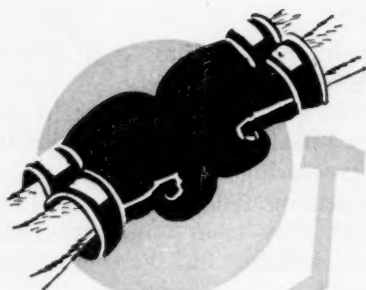
No other Irishman has so completely dominated the history of his country. He is still an enigma to the rationalist English mind, which does not easily understand the mystic nationalism of a hunger-striking Gandhi or a Terence McSwiney. And only Irishmen can convince you that a good deal can be said for a man who tilts at windmills occasionally.

Friendship in 15 Rounds

A Sign of the Cross made the Walker vs. Greb fight one of boxing's greatest matches

By MICKEY WALKER

Condensed from "The Will to Conquer"*



Mickey Walker says he was born to be a fighter. He spent 18 years in the ring as the "Toy Bulldog," winning both the welterweight and middleweight championships of the world. But he has done other things besides fight: as a painter he won first prize in the Marshall Field exhibit in Chicago, where the work of 250 of America's artists was judged. He has managed a cafe in New York, been sports commentator for a Poughkeepsie radio station, sports editor of a national magazine, and star in a Broadway play.

I KNOW some great men who found their happiness by doing odd things. One was Harry Greb. He was great in the prize ring but odd in action. For instance, Greb had most of the sporting world believing that his name was originally *Berg*. Many sports followers still think that his professional name of Greb is *Berg* spelled backwards.

Harry enjoyed creating illusions like that. Some times he would de-

liberately give the impression that he was the worst-conditioned fighter in the ring.

In 1925, I had heard some of the stories he put out, and believed them. At the time, I held the welterweight title. Greb was boss of the middleweight division. In New York, the prominent sports promoter, Jack Fugasi, signed Greb and me for a 15-round contest at the Polo Grounds. Harry's title was at stake. On a card with other good fighters, we filled the Polo Grounds to capacity.

Big fights have always attracted "sure-thing" gamblers seeking to win "sucker" money. Greb disliked them all. But in 1925, one man in New York set all gambling odds on sporting events. His name was Arnold Rothstein. He could be seen almost any night of the week at Lindy's restaurant on Broadway.

The night before our fight, Greb staggered out of a cab in front of Lindy's. Informers rushed inside the restaurant to tell Rothstein that

*House-Warven, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 27, Calif. Copyright 1953 by Mickey Walker and reprinted with permission. 112 pp. \$2.50.

Greb was drunk. Immediately, Rothstein gave orders to his henchmen to bet on me, which made me the favorite in the fight. Greb knew his actions would be relayed to other smart Broadway gamblers. He hopped back into the cab, rode to the Pennsylvania hotel, and went to bed. He dozed off, smiling at the act he had put on.

Like Rothstein, I believed the tale going around about Greb's poor condition. On the night of the fight, as we waited for the starting bell, I blessed myself. I always did before fights. Greb, across from me, went through the same action with a smile on his face. I thought he was mocking me. When the bell rang, I tore from my corner in a wild fury. Greb met my onslaught with his windmill punching style. And one of the greatest fights in ring history began.

For 14 rounds the battle continued. We slugged each other all over the ring. Neither of us took time to step back from a punch. With our heads down and our arms swinging, we both tried for the quick K.O.

Thirty seconds of the 14th round had passed. I was backed against the ropes. The thumb of Greb's right-hand glove jabbed into my left eye. I sprang from the ropes with the vision of my left eye blurred. I tried to clear my eye by wiping away the blur with the thumb-tip of my right glove.

FIRPO landed a long right-hand punch on Dempsey's chin. Dempsey was knocked outside the ropes. I was in the second row in a ringside seat; I jumped onto my chair, and began yelling, "Get up, Jack." I was swinging my arms.

I must have hit the man in front of me a hard punch. He turned around and swung a long left hand which landed on my chest. I felt myself falling backwards. I spread my arms wide on the chests of the men standing on chairs beside me. But my arms unbalanced them. They imitated my stance, causing the whole row to fall backwards. The row behind also fell. By the time Dempsey climbed back into the ring, 20 rows of people were down.

I struggled to my feet with a punch all set for the man who knocked me down. As I was about to let it go, I looked into the smiling face of Babe Ruth.

The Babe hoisted me to his shoulders. From that position I saw Firpo being counted out.

Mickey Walker in *The Will to Conquer*.

Then I saw a right-hand punch coming. I will never forget it. The glove looked like a large balloon shooting toward me. I had my left shoulder raised to protect my chin and thought this enough to offset the punch. But somehow the big

balloon slipped past and landed.

For the next two and a half minutes Greb's punches wheeled me around the ring. I was out on my feet. When the bell ending the 14th round rang, my body was draped over the top rope. My seconds carried me back to the corner. They doused cold water on me and held smelling salts under my nose to clear my head. But my left eye was completely closed.

The bell rang, and we followed the custom of shaking hands before the last round. I had my mind made up that if I were going down I'd go down swinging. And swing I did.

The first punch landed on Greb's chin. He started to wheel around like I had in the 14th round. I kept punching, but my eyes were blurry and some of the punches were aimed at the referee, the ring posts, Greb, and anything that could be punched. The bell rang again. And this time Greb was nearly as weak as I.

The referee brought us both to the center of the ring. Joe Humphries, the announcer, collected slips from the judges, and the referee then raised Greb's hand in victory.

Two hours later I entered Billy La Hiff's restaurant on 48th St. Greb was sitting at a table with three or four friends from Pittsburgh. I walked to his table, offering my hand in congratulations. Greb received my outstretched hand

in good fellowship, and invited me to join his group. I sat at his table for an hour before his friends decided to leave. I had been waiting to talk with Greb alone, which was my main reason for spending so much time at his table. He had to clear up something for me.

I asked him, "Why did you make fun of me tonight when I blessed myself?"

With a surprised look, he said, "What're you talking about?"

I told him he had mocked my Sign of the Cross before the bell in the first round. Leaning forward on the table, Greb said in a low voice, "Tonight's fight was the toughest I've ever been in. I was only blessing myself as I always do." I am glad I waited to speak with him. I had been mistaken. He had not ridiculed me.

That evening we formed a close friendship. The very next day an incident proved this friendship. Greb and I sat with our managers in the office of Tex Rickard, the world's leading sports promoter. Rickard kept fingering two pieces of paper in his hands. Finally, he said, "Here's a contract ready for you both to sign. A hundred thousand apiece guarantee for a return bout."

Greb looked at Rickard and said, "There are plenty of guys around for me and Mickey to fight without fighting one another."

Our friendship lasted until Harry's death in 1926.

The Day of Two Noons

"What time is it?" used to get several answers

By STEWART HOLBROOK

Condensed from *Woman's Day**

ON Nov. 18, 1883, in Chicago, a reporter for the *Tribune* found "an unusual blanket of solemnity" in the West Side Union depot.

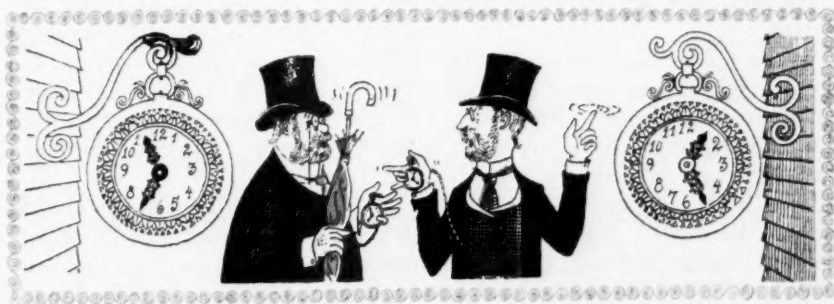
At 11:45 A.M., conductors, engineers, and other employees began dropping in. The depot master, a Mr. Cropsey, had his fine chronometer under a powerful magnifying glass.

When the big depot clock stood fair at noon, Mr. Cropsey stopped it. Telegraph instruments were then "connected with the pendulum of the clock in the observatory at Allegheny, Pa." The watchers in the Chicago depot noted that each movement of the observatory pendulum was faithfully recorded by

the ticking instruments. And, at nine minutes, 32 seconds after 12, Chicago local time, the movement of the pendulum stopped, indicating it was noon by 90th meridian, or Central, time. Whereupon, Mr. Cropsey started his clock.

The feat was done, and "a general murmur of satisfaction ran through the waiting room." Similar scenes were attending the event all over the country. Standard time had become a fact.

Standard time was not a gift from an all-wise government. The government not only opposed its adoption, but waited 35 years before making it official. By then, generations of Americans had been born, had married, lived, and died



*May, 1953. Copyright 1953 by Woman's Day, Inc., 19 W. 44th St., New York City 36, and reprinted with permission.

by Standard time. It stemmed from the combined efforts of a few dedicated men who said that time in the U.S. was chaotic and that something ought to be done about it.

A graphic example of the universal confusion before that momentous Nov. 18, was to be seen in the ornate railroad station at Buffalo, N.Y. There were three big clocks: one operating on New York City time, used by the New York Central railroad; one set to Columbus, Ohio, time, favored by other railroads entering Buffalo; and the third set to local Buffalo time. In Pittsburgh, the situation called for six different times.

Until the railroads came, time in the U.S., as regulated by clocks, meant comparatively little. It was a local matter. Stagecoaches and ships were more likely to mark time by days than by hours. Minutes meant nothing in that leisurely age. But with trains running great distances, their schedules set to minutes, time became vastly important.

As the tracks lengthened, trains ran through towns whose citizens had their own ancient ideas about time and refused to have any truck with the time of any other community. Each large city usually had its own local-clock time based on the sun. Smaller communities near by might or might not conform. Still other communities based time on what the most popular watch-

repair man in town said it was. If there happened to be two popular watch-repair men, there were two local times, often several minutes apart. This happened in both Kansas City and Boston, where the watch-repair men defended their times with the emotional intensity usually expended only in defending religion.

Philadelphia was five minutes slower than New York City, but five minutes faster than Baltimore. There were 27 local times in Michigan, 38 in Wisconsin, 27 in Illinois, 23 in Indiana. To aid the harassed traveler, an inventor devised a pocket time and distance indicator, which compared the local times of many cities and indicated the distances between them.

Our grandfathers, in crossing the continent from Eastport, Maine, to San Francisco, changed their big silver stemwinders 20 times during the trip. Either that, or gave up caring what time it was.

Contemplating this chaos was Prof. C. F. Dowd, principal of Temple Grove Seminary for Young Ladies, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. He was perhaps the first American to give the matter serious thought and to propose a remedy, which he did as early as 1869.

Professor Dowd was far ahead of his day. A teacher in a finishing school, he had no ax to grind, and no money. Yet, as a remedy slowly took shape in his mind, he started writing letters to presidents and ex-

executives of railroads. He also wrote and distributed pamphlets proposing the general adoption of four or more arbitrary time zones.

By 1872, Professor Dowd had received letters from a large number of railroad executives declaring they were in favor of his proposal. That same year, when a group of railroad superintendents met to arrange summer passenger schedules, they formed an organization to discuss time standards. This was the General Time convention, which became today's Association of American Railroads.

Next appeared a practical railroad man who could take the proposals of Professor Dowd and other pioneers and merge them into a system. He was William F. Allen, a former resident engineer of the Camden & Amboy railroad, who had joined the staff of the *Official Guide of the Railways*. Allen was elected secretary of the General Time convention.

Allen suggested five time zones—Intercolonial (for Eastern Canada), Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific. The four zones in the U.S. were to be based on mean sun time on the 75th, 90th, 105th, and 120th meridians, which were approximately on the longitudes of Philadelphia, Memphis, Denver, and Fresno.

After many meetings during a decade, the railroad men felt ready to act. At a gathering of the General Time convention, in the old

Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, in October, 1883, the adoption of Standard time was voted. The day and hour for the adoption, as far as the railroads were concerned, was set for noon, Nov. 18, which was a Sunday.

The opposition went into high gear. In Bangor, Maine, Mayor Dogberry rose to veto a city ordinance requiring Bangor to operate on Eastern Standard time. "It is unconstitutional," cried Mayor Dogberry, "and is an attempt to change the immutable laws of the universe." He instructed city constables to prevent sextons from ringing the church bells on the new and hideous Standard time.

In Indianapolis, the *Daily Star* wondered bitterly if things had come to such a pass that 55 million Americans must eat, sleep, and work, as well as travel, by railroad time. Would they have to marry by railroad time and die by railroad time? With heavy-handed humor the *Star* went on to say it was likely that the sun, the moon, and the stars would have to give in at last.

In Des Moines, a man shouted in the streets that the hosts of hell, by which he meant the railroads, were attempting to take over the universe. In Tennessee, a Revd. Mr. Watson stood in his pulpit and defied the Louisville & Nashville railroad to take the place of the sun, then beat his dollar watch into a pulp with a claw hammer to dem-

onstrate to his congregation "the worthlessness of man-made time."

A majority of Americans and much of the press, however, were in favor of Standard time. The New York *Herald*, pretending to see other than practical advantages, remarked that the man who attended church in Manhattan on Nov. 18, the day of the changeover, would be delighted to find the service four minutes shorter.

There appear to have been no train collisions or other operating difficulties due to the change. The papers, however, were filled with stories of diehards who missed trains because their watches were still set to obsolete time. One concerned the attorney general of the U.S., who had issued an order that no part of the government had the right to adopt Standard time until so authorized by Congress. When this official went to the Washington depot the afternoon of Nov. 18

to take a train to Philadelphia, he was much annoyed to find that he had missed it by exactly eight minutes, 20 seconds.

The arrival of Standard time did bring complications here and there. In Iowa, for instance, a court had to decide upon the expiration date of a fire-insurance policy. Was it governed by solar or by Standard time? If solar time governed, the policy was in force when the fire broke out; if not, the policy was void two-and-a-half minutes before the fire started. The court held that the contract intended solar time, and decided in favor of the policyholder.

As for Congress, that body did not get around to catching up with time until Mar. 19, 1918, when it passed the Standard Time act. This gave belated government sanction to the four-zone system instituted by privately-owned railroads more than a generation before.

How Columbus Knew the World Was Round

COLUMBUS was not the first to know that the world is round. Mathematicians and astronomers of ancient times were using spherical coordinates to locate positions at least 150 years before Christ.

During the Middle Ages, this knowledge was preserved and passed on by the monasteries. A famous Benedictine monk, Hermann Contractus, writing about the year 1048, described a way of measuring the circumference of the earth.

This subject was of great interest to Columbus, who collected books which gave documentary support for his proposals to sail to the West. Two books which he studied have been preserved: the *Imago Mundi* by Cardinal D'Ailly, and the *Historia Rerum Ubique Gestarum* by Pope Pius II.

Rear Admiral John B. Heffernan, USN.

Train Yourself to Train Your Dog

*You have to speak his language,
and it can be done*

By RAMONA C. ALBERT

Condensed from "Living Your Dog's Life"*



IF YOU WANT your dog to be well-behaved, you must treat him like a dog. He is an animal; you cannot reason with him nor argue with him when he does something wrong. He looks to you for guidance, but you cannot talk to him. Words alone mean nothing. It is his master's tone of voice and the action that accompanies the voice that the dog understands.

A puppy misbehaves and his master says, "No!" sharply and decisively. The puppy is at once distracted and looks up, arrested by the briskness of the sound. Another pup misbehaves and its owner says, "No-o-o-o!" in a soft cooing tone which the pup hears almost as a caress. That pup pays no attention.

Most children and some adults have never wielded authority or issued orders. When such people talk to pets they give them a sense of their own unsureness. According to his temperament, the dog becomes either nervous and uncontrollable or stubborn and disobedient.

He has no leader, no set of rules to live by. Without these he feels lost. To teach a dog anything you must be able both by voice and manner to express clearly encouragement, praise and command. A pleading voice only confuses a dog. It leaves him to make his own decisions instead of giving him an order.

Remember that a dog does not understand our words as words. To him what you say is merely a sound, pleasant or unpleasant, resolute or irresolute, authoritative or complaisant. If you called, "Cucumber!" to him in a gay voice each time you wanted him to come, he'd run up to you as eagerly as if you said, "Come!" If the dog has not been taught any action in connection with the words, it is useless to shout in a tone of irritation, "Come here!" All the dog hears is an unpleasant noise coming from his master. He has no desire to come any closer to unpleasantness. He runs away.

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I know a dog named Robbie. Even as a puppy Robbie was always very sure of himself. Once, an enticing scent wiped out all thought of Peggy, his mistress, and in spite of everything she said he was off to investigate. When he returned later he was greeted by "Come here!" and when he "came there" he was duly punished. Naturally he came to associate the words *Come here* with a smacking, and it is not surprising that whenever he heard them again he was off like a shot. Peggy was young and her voice had the monotone of immaturity. Robbie received no practice in recognizing intonation in the human voice.

One day as Robbie, bent on some new exploration, slipped through the open doorway, Peggy cried out in desperation, "Robbie, shame on you!" This was a new sound and Robbie stopped and looked at Peggy in surprise, then hesitantly he approached her. His mistress, although somewhat nonplused, was at the same time overjoyed. She received him rapturously.

Robbie is now three years old. To this day the words *Come here* are a signal for him to disappear, and there is no more incongruous sight than his joyous return when his mistress says, "Robbie, shame on you!"

The sounds that you make must be accompanied by definite action. For example, in time your pet begins to associate a certain command

sound with being pushed down to the floor. The next sound is a pleasant one of praise given while he is lying there. So he says to himself, "My master makes a funny sound and pushes me down. When I'm down, he makes another sound that I like very much. I think I'll lie down the next time he makes that first sound, and maybe he'll make the pleasant one again too." That's the way your puppy learns to "lie down."

You can see now the importance of varying your tones if your pet is to understand your wishes. The words *come* and *down* are somewhat similar in sound. If they are carelessly spoken to your dog, particularly if he is at a distance from you, they may sound alike to him. The word *come* should be said gaily, for it should always make your pet want to return to you. The word *down*, on the other hand, is spoken as a command, because your dog may be reluctant to obey it and your tone must make him realize that he has to. Sometimes in obedience tests I have seen dogs come at the word *down* and vice-versa because their owners spoke to them indistinctly or in the wrong tone. The dogs were not disobedient; but they were punished for their masters' faults.

A tone of encouragement makes a pup willing to learn what you are trying to teach him. Your praise shows him that you are pleased with him. Dogs, like all of us, love

the sound of praise and try hard to earn it.

When he has begun to realize what you want, your dog must next learn by your command tone that he has to obey whether he is in the mood to do so or not. If he hears praise following obedience he will begin to obey any command or signal. Some dogs, however (and it is my opinion that these are among the most intelligent), begin immediately to think of ways to avoid obeying. It is with these animals that a demand tone, and occasionally even punishment, must be used. He can be made to realize that he is being punished for disobedience. When he does, he is not resentful as a child might be. Whatever you do is the right thing with him.

Listen, then, to your own voice. Try out your tone on yourself. Shut yourself in a room and talk aloud, no matter how silly you may

feel to begin with. Speak a word of encouragement. If you'd heard that sound from someone else, would you have been encouraged? Try commanding yourself. Would you have obeyed that order? Be honest with yourself. If you recognize a lack of authority, practice until you have mastered it.

I once had a phone call from the mother of a girl in my dog-training class. Mother demanded to know why her daughter was sitting in front of her mirror and talking to herself. I explained that the girl was learning to talk to her dog and this was practice in using different tones. Probably, in her enthusiasm, the child had taken me too literally and was overdoing it. Her mother remained skeptical and annoyed until a few weeks later. Her daughter brought her dog home from a show, proudly displaying a first-prize ribbon and a trophy for obedience.



I think we can

AVOID WAR if:

the U. S. continues her life-sustaining foreign-aid policy. We live in a richly blessed land. We hold in our hands the life line to which the free countries of the world are valiantly clinging. We must not abdicate leadership and responsibility now, nor refuse the war-weary countries our dollars and

surplus food. If we do, we will abandon millions of freedom-loving people to the darkness of communism. Only time will reveal how much good our generosity will bring about. May God grant that the future generations of America will enjoy a lasting peace because their forefathers knew charity.

Robert Gosma.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

Cleveland's Mayor Burke

*Ethics and morality are in evidence in the politics
of the great city on Lake Erie*

By BETTY JEAN JEFFRIES

TOM BURKE has been mayor of the 7th largest city in the U.S. for four terms. Since 1945, Cleveland's citizens, both Republicans and Democrats, have returned him to office regularly.

In this role as a kind of traditional mayor, Tom Burke refutes the errors of Paul Blanshard and the organization called Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State. Every time Cleveland citizens have gone to their polls and re-elected Mayor Burke, they have put another nail in the coffin of POAU error. For Mr. Blanshard and his coterie assert that democracy is in danger from Catholicism. And Tom Burke is a Catholic.

It's not easy to tell where the idea of "Vatican political influence" in America originated. It has been used to divide neighbors, voters, countrymen throughout the U.S.

As interpreted by Blandshardites, it is more than just a mistaken idea—it is a vicious idea. It has been used against nearly all Catholics running for high office. But true Vatican influence means ethics and morality, and politics needs both.

Tom Burke was born in Cleveland in 1898. His father was a doctor who served two experience-filled terms as coroner.

Tom grew up inside the Catholic Church. Nuns and priests taught him Vatican principles straight through his childhood, and those principles sent him to

Holy Cross for his B.A. If one follows POAU logic, when young Burke graduated from college, he was automatically a trained robot for Rome.

He went on to Western Reserve for his law degree. His father, like all dads, hoped that his boy would choose his own profession, medi-



cine. But Tom had a mind of his own. He chose politics.

From 1930 to 1936 he was assistant county prosecutor in Cleveland. In 1941 he was appointed director of law for the city and in 1945 he became mayor for his first term.

"Rome is not interested in the form of government we have," says the busy 55-year-old mayor. "I accept the doctrines of my Church on faith and morals. My concepts of government are the products of my life as an American and my family's part in the tradition of our country."

Protestants as well as Catholics vote for Burke, and Catholics as well as Protestants vote against him. Vatican influence shows up only in his contribution to clean politics.

"Tom has brought one thing with him into the corrupt political ring," says a non-Catholic business leader. "He is a man of complete integrity. You may not always agree with him. But you can always trust him!"

This reliability, says the modest ex-attorney, is what nuns and priests and his parents pounded into him. This is the Vatican influence misrepresented by bigots.

"At Catholic school, I was pretty well grounded in the Constitution as well as the catechism," he says. "And as I see life, it calls for the practical application of Christian principles. The nation was founded on them and certainly a man

GOVERNOR LAUSCHE of Ohio stated in July that he would not fill the U. S. Senate seat of the late Robert Taft until the next session of Congress, which begins in January, 1954. At that time Mayor Burke was, in the estimation of political experts, his most likely choice.

brought up on them has more to offer than the agnostic, to whom everything is relative."

Tom has a lot to offer his city. Urban development, housing for both whites and Negroes, easing the problem of racial discrimination—all are part of his continuing program of city improvement. A short time ago the voters gave him \$150 million for his plan. It was a testimony of their faith in an honest politician.

Tom's door at the city hall is always open for Clevelanders with problems or suggestions. Groups of suburbanites with bees in their bonnets can always get to see their mayor. Tom thinks this is important.

"City government, the mayor, in our nation is the grass roots of democracy," Tom explains. "Your average citizen doesn't often get a chance to reach his government in Washington personally. The only direct contact he has is his city hall. To keep our system going we must make it possible for him to state

his troubles to his public officials. I try to do just that."

Occasionally the mayor goes to the people, takes part in neighborhood celebrations. He chats with interested bystanders. A short time ago he returned to his old haunts where he grew up as a boy. The area has been losing value and the local leaders decided to do something about it. The whole section turned out for the kickoff meeting. One of the speakers was Tom Burke. He found himself speaking from the pulpit of the neighborhood Presbyterian church. He was introduced by the Catholic bishop. Together, Protestant and Catholic worked to improve the chances of the children in that part of Cleveland. It was an example of Americanism neither the mayor nor his constituents will forget.

Burke figured in the report of the famous Kefauver committee. In one of the sections dealing with Cleveland, the report states that the industrial city is governed better than any other large city in the U.S.

"Ethics and morality in government are more important today than ever before," says Burke, "and the confidence and good will of the people toward their government is necessary for a successful administration. This cannot be achieved unless and until the highest order of morality is attained."

Much of his administration has been directed toward this objective.

When he first entered office, he bent his efforts toward securing voting machines to insure a more accurate vote count. His judicious spending of the public funds allotted him has won praise from Republican as well as Democratic businessmen. Although Tom runs as a Democrat, much of his support comes from the opposite side of the fence. He's that kind of mayor.

Burke finds his greatest pleasure in his home. Both his daughters, products of Catholic schools, are married, and the youngish-looking politico has five grandchildren.

"It's easier to run the city of Cleveland than to ride herd on those kids!" the grandfather says.

A surprising number of voters for him in past elections were unaware their man was Catholic. The influence Rome has exerted on one of her spiritual sons in the great nation of America has apparently improved at least the local government in one city. Morality is nothing to fear. And morality is Church-inspired.

One question asked Tom was about his bishop. Would he automatically do what the hierarchy asked? His answer is one for the books. The Blanshard books.

"In the first place, the bishop has never asked me. In the second, if he did, I would consider his problem just as I would that of any other citizen in my city. Yes, if it would help the city. No, if it would not."

Get Rid of Your Library

After you have read a book, the first question you should ask yourself is, "Will I ever read it again?"

By MARCELLYN WELLS



I WAS SHOCKED when a friend of mine, upon graduating from college, sold all his textbooks to the campus book store and burned his notes and term papers. "What do I want with those things! I'm not a librarian," he said.

At the time I believed that books should be "lived with" and kept on a shelf near the fireplace. Books were something to take pride in and display where visitors could see them and be impressed.

Years later, when I had to move my accumulation of books to new quarters, I began to wonder. How many times had I opened my treasured books? Practically never. The exceptions included no popular books.

Membership in a book club had left me with a stack of current books in bright jackets. Some were still on the best-sellers' list and others were recent has-beens. I had an idea. On my next trip to the public library I took along a few of my surplus new books. The li-

brarian was embarrassingly grateful. "We could use ten more copies of each of these," she said. "Our patrons want new books, books they've heard and read about. But naturally our budget is limited."

During the following week I gave the library more books, although I did not part with all the book-club selections. The ones I liked the most I held onto. Today I wish I had not. After five years I haven't the nerve to work them off on anyone, unless it is the junkman. And they are much too good for that fate yet.

Perhaps it is only human to hoard things until they are of little value. But where are the best-sellers of yesteryear? The case of the Grants may be more or less typical. The three adults in the family are confirmed bookworms. Two years ago they had books piled up on tables and stacked on the floor for lack of shelf space. They got all the top-rate mysteries. Any much-discussed book was bound to be found in their house. But recently

the books have disappeared and only a few new titles are left.

"Oh, the books," said Mrs. Grant, when someone asked her about them. "We had the place redecorated and so I was inspired to do some real house cleaning. I got rid of the books with a lot of older ones that were piled up in the attic. A salvage agency sent out a truck. I'm afraid most of the books were only good for waste paper. You know how it is."

Perhaps you believe that rows of books on display give you the reputation for culture and refinement. But hang onto those rows and they will date you just as surely as an old hat or a coat with huge shoulder paddings. Marion learned that the hard way.

It was during the war and Marion had a good job. She was determined to have a private library of her own and each volume she bought soon bore her name plate. With her fiancé in the army she had plenty of time to read at night. She joined two book clubs and the books and bonus books rolled in. After the war she married and went to live on a sheep ranch.

Bookcases were bought through a mail-order company and Marion's books were filed away in their final resting place. But the years have gone by. The sun has faded the books and time, their titles. They look dingy and dusty. Marion's husband is an addict of western

magazines; no one reads the books. With four children to care for Marion has little time for reading. And if she did, she would not want to read again the dated best-sellers of a bygone era. Already silverfish are investigating the books on the lower shelves. Give them time and they will ruin all of them.

Good books, like good companions, have to make contacts in order to function. Books are written, printed and sold to be read. Unless they are classics, poetry or deal with specialized subjects, usually one reading is enough.

Dr. Smith retired from the faculty of a small college two years ago and moved to a little house in the country. It had always been his desire to have shelves for the books he had collected during his life. Because of lack of space, he had always been obliged to store many of his beloved volumes in boxes and trunks.

Dr. Smith spent one summer building ceiling-to-floor shelves around the walls of two rooms. When the work was finished and the books were in place, he had an overpowering collection of dingy, shabby-looking books. The titles on his cloth-bound books had faded and in order to see what many of the volumes were about, he was obliged to examine each frontispiece. Someone asked Dr. Smith if he had time to enjoy his books now. He looked puzzled and shook his head.

"I've been busy working on my photography hobby. A funny thing. The other day I wanted a certain book on Japanese history. I was in a hurry and couldn't take the time to find it here so I went to the public library." He sighed. "I guess what my collection really needs, is a catalog."

The sad truth is that not even a millionaire can compete with a city or college library when it comes to reference works. Why try? The municipal library keeps its volumes properly cataloged for easy access. It is always adding new books, repairing old ones, ever growing and expanding. Books are protected against insects, mold, mildew, flood, fire and theft. Only a big library can give you the last word on a subject, not only in books but in periodicals.

Non-fiction books dealing with political events can sometimes age as fast as seasonal fashion in clothes. Right now an authoritative book on present conditions inside China might have a real demand. But a few months from now the book could lose all value. Novels age more slowly than non-fiction, but few have any sales value a year after they are published.

If you ever had to move stacks of books you know that it is definitely not easy. A large packing box or a barrel loaded with books is almost impossible for two men to carry. Shipping charges come high. Books are difficult to store

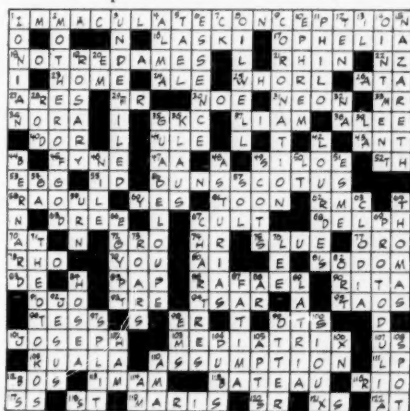
and keep in good condition. Insects attack them. Dampness rots the covers. Mildew makes eyesores of them.

Put your popular books into circulation while they are still new, attractive and wanted. Let your books wear out through use instead of age.

There is a deep satisfaction in giving when the giving is from an overflow and does not rob you. Books should spread knowledge and ideals. Place them where they can be read and enjoyed.

The need for current books is great. The Red Cross will gladly distribute them, as will scores of other agencies. Hospitals, sanitariums, veterans' hospitals, army and navy camps, both here and abroad need books, as well as school and public libraries. The list is almost endless. Give your books away; it beats hoarding them for the bugs.

September Crossword



Big Red One of the U.S. Army

This division costs \$1 billion a year, and there are 19 others like it

By THEODORE H. WHITE

Condensed from the *Reporter**

TODAY, the U.S. is paying some \$20 billion a year to maintain, at home and around the globe, 20 packaged units of fighting and devastation called divisions. A few weeks ago, I visited the 1st Infantry division in Germany, the Big Red One. Along with the five other American divisions on the 300-mile border between East Germany and the U.S.-held sector of West Germany, its 18,000 men are expected to hold any assault the Red army might choose to mount. Each division's frontage stretches 50-odd miles. (The 75-mile stretch of the Ardennes through which the Germans rolled in the Battle of the Bulge was considered lightly held by three divisions.)

The 1st division can use 27 different instruments of combat at once. The tools run from the bayonet to the howitzer. The howitzers can throw 133 pounds of metal and high explosives with great accuracy up to eight miles. In between is an almost unbelievable array of other tools: thousands

of rifles for the riflemen; carbines for almost everyone; pistols for the officers. There are several kinds of machine guns: light ones for swift, crouching, racing advance; heavy ones for the continuous fire of defense. Three kinds of mortars can loop shells through the air to land with precision on isolated pockets of resistance. Two kinds of bazookas are available to hurl shaped charges at the armor plate of enemy tanks. Fifty-four fieldpieces of



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light 105-mm. artillery are at the division's disposal; there are mines, grenades, machine pistols, recoilless artillery, and two kinds of anti-aircraft gun. Finally, there are the 130 tanks, 47-tonners that can rumble at 35 miles an hour to the point of contact, where their 90-mm. automatic-sighting high-velocity rifles can be brought to bear.

To make the division instantly responsive to the will of its commander, the Big Red One's signal company needs \$6 million in communications equipment: hundreds of radios of 12 different kinds; 1,100 miles of telephone wire; a dozen mobile switchboards; teletype machines; four mobile command communications cars; and power generators. The engineer battalion demands \$1.3 million in clam shovels, bulldozers, pile drivers, cranes, bridging materials, and mines. The ordnance battalion needs \$20 million worth of machines and vehicles to keep the division mobile, and to repair anything from watches to tank turrets. Altogether, the division needs \$157 million worth of equipment before any accounting can begin for men, food, training, gasoline, housing and ammunition.

On paper, the organization looks simple. Three squads of ten men each fit into a platoon, three platoons into a company, three companies into a battalion, three battalions into a regiment, three regiments into the division itself.

BATTERY D of the 5th Field Artillery battalion, 1st U. S. Infantry division, (Big Red One) is the only U. S. Army unit continuously on active duty since the Revolutionary war. Its first commander was Alexander Hamilton.

But all the way up there are pockets of special strength. The platoon commander at the very bottom has, in addition to three rifle squads, a special weapons squad carrying a light mortar, automatic rifle, and light machine gun. Above him, his company commander has, in addition to three such line platoons, his own weapons platoon, with heavier mortars and recoilless artillery. The battalion commander, in turn, controls three such companies plus a heavy-weapons company that adds heavier mortars, heavier machine guns, and heavier recoilless guns. His regimental commander, in turn, controls three such battalions.

At regimental level there is an entire company of heavy tanks, an entire company of very heavy mortars, and usually an entire battalion of 18 artillery pieces. The division commander at the pinnacle controls not only three line regiments of this type but a headquarters battalion of 60 tanks, 18 pieces of medium 155-mm. artillery, and a reconnaissance company of light M-24 tanks. The divisional commander also has thousands of

noncombatant specialists — police and signal companies, hospital, engineer, and ordnance battalions, a replacement company through which all divisional replacements are funneled to their division units, and a 19-plane scouting air force.

Out front are the dogfaces—the individual riflemen of the rifle squads, no more than 2,500 of them—the fingertips pointing where resistance is, plucking out the burr, if it be small enough, with platoon tools. Behind come the knuckles, the special weapons that move forward with the riflemen. Still farther back are the biceps, the divisional artillery, mortars, and heavier weapons. And behind all are the division's tanks, the shoulder to the wheel to give the final shove. If the division holds, Europe holds. If the division does not hold, it is no longer a division but simply 18,000 frightened men to fill prisoner-of-war cages.

The enemy will not strike unless he is sure of initial superiority. The American divisions that face him must roll with his first punch, fall back, and hold somewhere in the rear, where reserve strength can be gathered for a counterattack.

The 1st division must be ready to pack up what amounts to an entire town and put it on the road at any hour of the day or night. It lives in dispersed units sprawled in position through many German villages and towns. Its men sleep on their cots with helmets beside

them, combat boots by their beds. Their combat packs are loaded and within arm's reach; their rifles and weapons are stacked in the arms rooms. Even in sleep their ears are cocked for the sound of the siren that tells them of an alert.

Division commander, corps commander, or army commander can call a practice alert at any time. At once, everything is on wheels. Headquarters, hospital, signals, guns, tanks, platoons, regiments move on the instant. Division ordnance operates its normal repair shops out of huge army trucks that are always fueled, loaded, and pointed toward the open gate. When the siren sounds, thousands of vehicles are ready to pour over appointed roads to appointed places and there await the word of command that would coordinate their fire at the enemy.

And all this is done by citizens-in-arms rather than career soldiers. Every three or four years the entire division is replaced with new manpower, as cells are replaced in the human body. The division commander must make sure the personality of the division is not lost. He must preside over the rhythm of the season which starts the draftee off in the fall with individual drill, followed in the winter by squad drill, in spring by problems of platoon and company, in summer by problems of battalion and regiment. By the next fall the entire division must be able to exer-

cise as a single unit in the great war games before it dissolves to begin training again with fresh soldiers.

The division commander must not allow his regiments and battalions to be beheaded of experienced men at one fell swoop. He must see that his division changes faces slowly, evenly. It must remain a fine instrument of combat when he hands it over to his successor.

It is a saying in the U.S. Army that a good general can make a bad division good, but that a good division cannot do the same for a bad general. A bad general can ruin a good division within a year without stirring from his desk.

The portraits on the walls of the 1st division headquarters reveal commanders who were stern-faced, hard as though hewn out of American granite. The present commander of the 1st is an abrupt change of type. Major General C. T. Lanham is a lithe, tanned, slight-figured man who bears what the army of yesterday would have considered the greatest handicap in the career of arms. He is a poet.

But he has passed the same tests to arrive at the same success as his predecessors. Generalship is still a matter of trudging through the mud, watching the soldiers with their rifles, and making a mental note that some boys are jerking their triggers, not squeezing them. It is also a matter of seeing that dark-skinned and light-skinned

Americans get along with each other as citizens.

Generalship is still a man at a map, his finger slowly tracing a valley approach on his position and the finger stopping at the preselected ridge where he knows he can dig in and hold. But in Lanham's 1st division it is also the white-washed, sunny school building of Colonel Phil Mock's 16th regiment, where Puerto-Rican Americans are learning English.

Generalship is, finally, a lonesome man at night sitting by his radio, wondering. The general's mind runs over his dispositions, the men sleeping in German villages and towns.

His soldiers may never have to fire their guns to kill. But they must be there. Difficult to explain why they must be there . . . tried to say it once in a poem . . . how does that poem go now?

*I see the legion wheel through Gaul,
The sword and flame on hearth
and home
And all the men who had to fall
That Caesar might be first in Rome.*

*I see the grizzled grenadier,
The dark dragoon, the gay hussar,
Whose shoulders bore for many a year
Their little emperor's blazing star.*

*I see these things, still am I slave
When banners flaunt and bugles
blow,
Content to fill a soldier's grave
For reasons I shall never know.*

Satchel Paige: Perennial Pitcher

*He won't talk about his age, but plenty of people
talk about his pitching*

By A. S. (DOC) YOUNG

Condensed from "Great Negro Baseball Stars"*

FOR YEARS lost to absolute count, there used to be a standard headline which always sent baseball fans, hick-town and big-town alike, scurrying to the ball park. That headline began, "Satchel Paige to Pitch . . ." Old Satch is the strangest, most colorful and, perhaps, most efficient piece of pitching machinery in history. But before 1948, he was never more than a barnstormer because he was a Negro.

In 1948, Bill Veeck, of Cleveland, told Lou Boudreau, his manager, that he could sign Paige.

Paige was reached in the Far West, barnstorming with an "all-star" club. The entire deal was handled as a well-kept secret. Satch arrived in Cleveland on July 4.

A day later, Paige "tried out" for the

team. With Boudreau and Veeck watching, Satch ran around the stadium's greensward to limber up. Then he started pitching to Boudreau.

The youthful manager was having his best year at the plate. He clouted a few of the pitches for what would have been legitimate hits in a game. Yet, he found out

what Paige could do: of 50 pitches made, 46 were strikes!

"Now," Boudreau said, "I can believe some of the stories they tell about his pitching."

The Cleveland Indians and St. Louis Browns played a game at Cleveland on July 9, attended by 34,780 fans. By the 5th inning, the Browns had a 4 to 1 lead on starting pitcher Bob Lemon. In the last half of the inning, Boudreau replaced Lemon with a



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pinch hitter. Then Boudreau signaled, and Paige slowly arose from his seat on the bull-pen bench.

Satch began his first major-league appearance. He shuffled moundward, his spindly legs moving above liver-flat feet which seemed the biggest anyone had ever seen. (They were size 14!)

Paige settled himself on the mound, surveyed the situation. His wind-up was a baffling combination of legs, arms, and large feet. He seemed nonchalant. He pitched two innings, allowing a hit for each inning, and no runs.

In the dressing room after the game, he remarked, "They sure carry you fast up here!"

Writers revealed that Satch owned a Cadillac car, an airplane, a jeep, and a big truck; that he collected antiques and old firearms; that he was a camera fiend and collector of hot jazz records; that he could sing in English and Spanish; and that he could play the harmonica and guitar.

"Satch," a baseball man was to say, "can intelligently discuss anything from engineering to mule skinning."

The question of Paige's "real age" became Cleveland's hottest topic of discussion. Paige said he was 39. He told one writer that he had been born on Sept. 18, 1908. He told another writer, a few moments later, that he had been born on July 22, 1909. A news-service representative asked Paige's mother,

The 1953 *National Catholic Almanac* lists 135 players in big-league baseball as Catholics. Of these, 50 are pitchers, including Satchel Paige.

down in Mobile, Ala., how old her son was. She replied, "44!"

Charting his pre-major league career was also a difficult project. Negro-league records were skimpy, and not even Paige knew how many exhibition games he had participated in over the years. He said he could remember pitching "regularly" for at least 30 teams. And he said he got his start back in Mobile by knocking cans off tree stumps with rocks, adding, "I was born with control."

With Satch in one stretch working 29 games in 30 days, the Bismarck, N. D., club won 100 games while losing only one during its season. It won the national semipro championship for Bismarck. Paige called this team, which beat Earle (son of Connie) Mack's All-Stars, the best he had ever known.

In 1934, Satch pitched with the "original" House of David club in the Denver *Post* tournament. There is no record, however, of his wearing a beard. Grover Cleveland Alexander managed the club.

Satch once hurled three games in five days, then got off this observation: "I sure get laughs when I see in the papers where some major-league pitcher says he gets

a sore arm because he overworked, and he pitches every four days. Man, that'd be just a vacation for me. I had sore arms. Sure enough. But, I just walk around and at night pour hot water on the arm, and it gets well."

Also in 1934, Satch beat Dizzy Dean (then in his prime) and an all-star aggregation 1 to 0 in 13 innings.

"If Satch and I were pitching on the same team," Dean said later, "we'd cinch the pennant by July 4 and go fishing until World Series time."

When Joe DiMaggio was literally burning up the Pacific Coast league, he once hit safely off Paige's pitching. Joe was quoted as saying, "Now, I know I'll hit in the majors—I finally (once in five tries) got a scratch single off Satchel Paige."

Without a doubt, Paige was the supreme character of baseball before he joined Cleveland. Many of his antics and feats would have been impossible in the majors, like, for instance, the calling in of outfielders and infielders while he struck out sides. This, Satch hastened to explain, was a bit of showboating reserved for special occasions. "I never pulled any of that stuff in serious games," he said.

Satch pitched the year around, in all climates, under a wide variety of conditions. He was one of the first to hurl night games, under illumination furnished by portable

generators. Pitching, to him, was a full-time career. And he made it pay off.

While major-league pitchers, in many instances, kept card files indicating strengths and weaknesses of batters, Paige worked out his own formula. "In a tight one, I give 'em my No. 1 pitch, the fast ball," he once said. "That's my best weapon. Old Bill Gatewood, a great pitcher at Mobile, told me once that a good fast-ball pitcher didn't have to have anything else that was real good. Just enough so the hitters knew he had more'n one gun to shoot. Make 'em look for more stuff and they'll miss the fast ball more."

Another time, when asked how many games he had pitched during his career, Paige said, "I never kept track of them. Maybe it's just as well. Nobody would believe the total anyway." On another occasion, he said he had pitched 134 games (20 less than a full major-league season) in one year and had hurled a "hatful" of no-hitters. His strikeout record for a single game, he said, was 21.

There are no records on the career performances of Satch and his diamond generation in Negro ball. Yet, it is logical to assume that Paige worked in upwards of 2500 games. By major-league standards, he probably would have won at least 1500 victories. The record for major-league play is 511, held by Denton T. (Cy) Young.

Paige wasted no time proving that he would be of assistance to the Indians in their 1948 pennant fight. He was of greater assistance as they racked up their attendance record. He drew 201,829 fans to the first three games in which he was an advertised performer. A record night throng of 78,383 saw him pitch against the White Sox at Cleveland; 72,434 returned to see him work against the Senators; and 51,013 jammed Comiskey park to see him in another go with the Sox. Ten thousand were turned away that night. The turnstiles broke down, in fact, as eager fans stormed the park. A mere rumor that he would pitch in Detroit sent some 40,000 fans scurrying for Briggs stadium.

August was Paige's best month. He shut out the White Sox 5 to 0 on five hits at Chicago, on the 13th, then whitewashed them, 1 to 0, on three hits at Cleveland one week later. He went the distance against the Senators, winning 1 to 0, on Aug. 30.

Satch's record was six games won and one lost. He had saved others. His earned-run mark of 2.47 was second best among Tribe hurlers. Everyone agreed that his contribution was necessary to the winning of Cleveland's first pennant in 28 years.

The Indians themselves recognized the value of Satch's contribution by voting him a full share of the World-Series money. Other-

wise, the Series proved anticlimactic for him.

"It's my life ambition to pitch in the Series," Paige said. "And, Mr. Veeck says it's his ambition to see me out there on the mound. The Series is my dream."

But he only got a little taste. With a record crowd of 86,288 on hand at Cleveland, Paige relieved Feller on Oct. 9. The Braves were running away with the game. Paige went in, pitched to two men, got them out, and was replaced by a pinch hitter.

Even though it was only a bit role, Satch said, "It was a great thrill to get in there."

In 1949, Paige did not enjoy the same sparkling success. With a change in administration, he was let out in 1950. The next year, he joined Veeck with the St. Louis Browns.

"If my legs hold out," he said that year, "I can stay up here another ten years. Man, I'm 100 years old and I can still strike these guys out." But his last two seasons have not been great successes.

It isn't Satchel's fault he was born 25 years too soon to exploit fully his rare talents. He has been a towering figure in the mythology of the game for a couple of decades. If the words *Hall of Fame* can be taken at their true worth, he should not be excluded merely because the color of his skin kept him out of the major leagues until he was—take your pick—39 or 42 or 46.

A study of the charts may be your short cut to success

So You Want

a Better Job!

Condensed from the pamphlet*

By PAUL W. BOYNTON

IS THERE a magic formula for promotion in business? Well, each person slowly builds up a reputation, good or bad. When your opportunity comes, three or four people will probably sit down in an office and talk you over. If your reputation is good, you stand an excellent chance of being promoted. If you have not come up to expectations, you'll probably stay right where you are.

Take a look at some of the reasons why people don't get on in business, and why they lose their jobs. The percentage table on the next page is the result of canvassing 76 corporations.

Note the relatively small importance which specific skills and technical knowledge play. On the other hand, character traits are of vast importance, representing 90% of the causes for discharge and 76% of the reasons for missing out on promotion. The ability to keep a job and progress in it seems to be a matter of attitudes.

Practically all these character traits are ones which are definitely



under your own control. The only thing in the table which you might not be able to correct is "Absence due to illness," and this appears to be a minor factor.

The most useful single trait you can have is the ability to absorb everything the boss throws at you and ask for more. A business organization takes it for granted that the time clock does not exist as far as its executives are concerned.

Ability to accept responsibility probably ranks second to willingness to work. The number of employees who deliberately side-step responsibility is astonishing. In many cases they actually refuse promotion when it means supervising other people's work.

Another type assumes responsibility, but then is anxious to side-step its consequences. If you are in charge, you must accept the headaches which go with your position. Your ability to handle responsibilities largely determines your progress.

Business dislikes the man who accepts responsibility and then

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passes the buck. As one executive put it, "Don't make excuses, make good." Be sure to take responsibility for any slips made by your subordinates. Don't make excuses.

Take the grief. Then mend the weak spots in your own group.

Initiative is extremely valuable. But remember, misapplied initiative can do much damage. Always

*Reasons for Discharge or Not Getting Promoted**

Lack of Specific Skills	Most common causes for discharge	Deficiencies preventing promotion
In shorthand	2.2%	3.2%
In typewriting	1.6%	2.4%
In English	1.6%	5.2%
In dictaphone	1.3%	1.6%
In arithmetic	1.3%	3.0%
In office machines.....	.9%	2.2%
In bookkeeping6%	1.4%
In spelling6%	2.7%
In penmanship0%	1.8%
	10.1%	23.5%
Character Traits		
Carelessness	14.1%	7.9%
Non-cooperation	10.7%	6.7%
Laziness	10.3%	6.4%
Absence for causes other than illness.....	8.5%	3.7%
Dishonesty	8.1%	1.2%
Attention to outside things.....	7.9%	5.6%
Lack of initiative.....	7.6%	10.9%
Lack of ambition.....	7.2%	9.7%
Tardiness	6.7%	4.6%
Lack of loyalty.....	3.5%	4.6%
Lack of courtesy.....	2.2%	3.3%
Insufficient care of and improper clothing.....	1.6%	3.0%
Self-satisfaction9%	4.4%
Irresponsibility3%	.8%
Unadaptability3%	1.4%
Absence due to illness.....	.0%	2.4%
	89.9%	76.5%

*H. C. Hunt, High School Principal, Meriden, Conn.

put over your own ideas in the form of suggestions and leave the matter at that. The boss can separate the wheat from the chaff.

No one appreciates energy more than the man for whom you work. By that he means, however, energy on your particular job. It is fine to throw your extra energy into the Boy Scouts, hockey, or anything of value to the community. However, your company does not feel that you are being paid for your outside activities. They should be handled so that they do not interfere with your main activity—your job.

Self-improvement seems to be a factor in business success. But consult your boss on how to do it. Otherwise you may be wasting a lot of time, energy, and money. Generally speaking, the best way to learn the particular business in which you happen to be engaged is to stay right on the job. On the other hand, should there be certain school courses which will help you, your boss will be only too glad to advise you. Often the company will pay at least part of the expenses.

For some reason many people develop a loud voice, evidently with the idea that this focuses attention on them. It is far better in business to be a good listener. Everyone likes to talk and a person who listens is probably more appreciated than the fellow who insists on holding the floor continually. Someone once said, "Best remain silent

and be thought a fool, than open your mouth and remove all doubt."

Much has been written about getting along with the boss. There are two interpretations of this phrase. If this means that you have pull, treat it as you would a case of smallpox—get away from it. The moment your fellow employees become aware of the fact, you will be on the spot, and heaven help you if your pull ever vanishes into thin air. Rely on your own merits and do your job to the best of your ability. But study the boss. If you don't get on with him, learn how. Somehow or other you must give him satisfaction. He is just as anxious to discover efficiency as you are to demonstrate it. One of the best things you can do is to say to him, "Why don't you let me do that for you?" You may shock him at first, but sooner or later you will get good results.

In your relationships with your superiors, don't be too familiar. No matter who you are, your boss is not "Jack" to you, especially in the company of other people. Privately, if you know him very well, this sort of thing may be all right, but in public he is always "Mr." Your familiarity may establish a precedent. If he is "Jack" to you, then he becomes "Jack" to everybody, and that doesn't help in the running of a business organization.

As for getting along with your fellow employees, never allow any argument, no matter how hot, to

involve personalities. Somebody defined a gentleman as a person who had the ability to disagree without being disagreeable.

Along with respect for a man's opinions should go respect for his dignity. Never embarrass another person. Never criticize another in the presence of somebody else. You will lower his self-respect, and he will not soon forget it.

When you accept a position, give it a fair chance. It is a good idea to hang on like grim death for at least a year-and-a-half to two years. It takes time to sell yourself to the people in charge. You, yourself, have a great deal to learn. You must also mature before any big advancement comes in sight. If you can curb your first disappointments and stay with the business for 20 years, you will be astounded that it runs so smoothly.

If you do change your position, remember that prestige built up in the first job cannot carry over to the new company. If you acquire the changing habit, you will be faced with the same dilemma every time you feel aggrieved, overlooked, or unappreciated. All too often the employment office faces a man of 40 who has held three or four good positions with excellent possibilities, but who has thrown them all over for what appeared to be better jobs at the time. Now he is looking for the fifth or sixth chance, often trying to capitalize on former experience. The employment man-

ager becomes very skeptical of such a history. He can see that from now on that man is probably headed down rather than up.

A glance at any intelligence curve in a psychology book will show you that the largest group of people are those of average intelligence. The most successful man is not always the most intelligent, but the one who has used his intelligence to the best advantage. A genius in mathematics will not necessarily make the best accountant. In fact, he may be utterly out of place in such a position. A person may be overintelligent for a particular job. There is room for every grade of intelligence.

A person's physique does not influence his chance of success in most vocations. However, you should take physique into consideration in choosing your vocation. If you know that your company has certain physical standards for their salesmen and you do not meet them, then either change your company or change your goal.

Set sensible goals for yourself. Don't hitch your wagon to a star, or you may end up a burned-out meteor. Do your job to the best of your ability and satisfy the man who is directly your superior. As someone said to Alice during her travels in Wonderland, "It will take all the running you can do to stand right in the same place." Your present job will absorb all your energy if you do it right.

We Sisters Start a High School

*Pioneering brings rich rewards and
only a fleeting heartache*

By SISTER REGINA CLARE, S.C.



I GAZED at the abandoned red brick schoolhouse in which I had been assigned to open a school for girls. As a Sister of Charity I hope I have a fair amount of faith, but this looked like an especially difficult mountain to move. The boarded windows, the dull, dirty red brick walls, and the chipped and faded paint on the front door were topped by an ancient bell tower, a gable, and two huge old-fashioned chimneys rising from a shingled roof.

I glanced from the building to my chubby nun friend who is supervisor of schools. "Well—there it is."

"Yes, isn't it exciting," she answered. "Let's see what's inside."

I followed her through a hallway where spiders had taken possession. Two years' dust rose into the air as our black skirts stirred it. The air was damp and stagnant. On some of the walls was drab brown paint; on others, faded wallpaper.

I thought of the beautiful shin-

ing floors at Seton Hill college, of the immaculate white marble altar in our chapel, of the campus with its blue spruces, tall elms, spreading poplars, and rambler roses in bloom. For years I had taught English there with no thought of ever doing anything else.

But now, here I was in the red schoolhouse. I was to be its principal. We had no money. We had no home but we could keep house in the school. We were to open with a freshman class only. It would be years before we needed the entire building for the school.

I swept out the dust and cobwebs from a small room at the head of the center stairs, and with an old card table and two folding chairs, set up an office.

Two days later, workmen removed the old bell tower above the office. Plaster, dampened where the bell tower had leaked, rained dust all over the office. I prayed for strength while I moved out onto the stair landing.

However, the new school now

had an office. The next step was to devise some sort of living quarters. With the foreman at our heels, we investigated one classroom after another, comparing ideas. We found one to partition.

Each room would have a window, a radiator, and a ceiling light. Partitions would enclose our bedrooms around the outside wall of a 33-foot-square room, leaving an inside room about 15 by 24 for a community room.

"There's plenty of room," Sister Chubby whispered; "there will be only four on the first faculty."

Now the bedrooms were planned, and we could change the fixtures in what had been a lavatory to equip a bathroom; but we had to have a place to eat, and most of all, we wanted a chapel. In the basement we found space for a kitchen and a dining room.

That took care of a place to eat; now for a place to pray. At the back stairs we found a room corresponding to the front office, except that this one was shaped like a cathedral with a transept. We could get six pews with a 20-inch aisle in the "body of the cathedral" and a five-foot altar between the two windows. The pews would have to be four inches short of the amount of space ordinarily permitted for two people, but for the present, the four of us would each have a pew to herself (with two for guests).

But where was the money com-

ing from to help pay for all this?

We had a bazaar. The carpenters built long tables, the painters made signs, the janitors cleared out debris. The Mother Superior sent in a car full of Sisters from the Motherhouse "to dust up a bit." However, they found more to be done than "to dust up a bit" because we were still in the "shoveling plaster" stage.

When the three days of the bazaar were over, we counted our pennies. We had cleared \$3,000! Too young in the building game to realize how quickly that amount could melt away, we set to work with new enthusiasm, scrubbed woodwork, interviewed salesmen, consulted with workmen, ate a sandwich and drank a pint of milk at noon.

Fortunately the foreman lived near our convent and drove us back and forth in his car. Our Sister of Charity habits were too spotted with paint and dusted with plaster to ride the bus. But then underneath all the grime, we found beautiful, rock-maple floors which were sanded, refinished, waxed, and polished. A gleaming ivory finish replaced the horrible brown paint in the main hall, in the chapel, and in the office. Bright paint vitalized the dingy classrooms. Shelves converted one into a library. Sturdy cement steps replaced the old rickety stairs to the basement, and steel beams replaced old pillars which had supported the building.

June passed quickly. We had sent out a small brochure to all the eighth-grade graduates in the schools where our Sisters taught, announcing the opening of the school in September and the acceptance of registrations after July 1. That date had slipped our minds; but when the contractor, the tools, and we pulled up to the door on the morning of July 1, a dainty little miss with serious eyes, round cheeks, and pigtailed hanging over her shoulders handed us her registration card. Our first pupil, and what a darling she was! And how thrilled we were!

Each day brought a few more interested parents and more registrations. By August 1 the number had risen to 55! The chapel was finished, and partitions separated the bedrooms from the community room. The kitchen and dining room were nearing completion. Everything had turned out so much better than we had ever dreamed, and we were grateful and happy.

But our elation was temporary. One of the painters struck a huge bulge in the plaster. "That plaster is loose," he shouted. "It isn't safe, it will have to come down." Again we had plaster dust flying through the building as workmen teetered to and fro on the scaffolds, knocking huge chunks to the stairs below.

A few days later rain oozed through the kitchen wall. For the first time, optimistic Sister Chubby

grew discouraged. "We'll never be ready for September if this keeps up," she moaned. As we stood watching the water leak through the plaster and run down the wall, our courage dropped lower and lower. Just then a slow-voiced carpenter came into the kitchen and wanted to know "why the long faces?" "Look," we cried, "our kitchen wall!" He laughed. "Don't worry, I know a man who sells a dry-wall product that will stop that in short order." The next day Mr. Dry Wall appeared, gave us his product at cost, and showed Joe, our janitor, how to apply it.

By the 15th of August we were breathing freely again. A large clean white patch of plaster shone from the ceiling of the center hall, the kitchen wall had stayed dry through several hard rainstorms, and an Italian artist was busy etching angels on the walls of the chapel. These, he insisted, were his gift to the new school. August 31 we had the dedication and blessing of the school.

The Tuesday following the dedication, Mass was offered for the first time in our tiny chapel. On the landings were 77 freshmen, our first class. They, too, assisted at the Mass because only heavy brocade curtains separated the chapel from the stair landings, and these were drawn aside for the occasion.

That night we ate our first meal in our new home. None of us knew much about cooking, and al-

though none of the dishes matched and we ate on one of the linoleum covered cafeteria tables, we were young and gay and happy.

Our first Mass and our first meal began a series of firsts: our first weekly Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament (after we had bought a second-hand portable organ); our first "Brownie party" at which our first freshman class wore their uniforms for the first time; our first Christmas party for which Sister Chubby roasted the turkey and I stirred the gravy. We served about 90 people from one 14-pound turkey, and everybody received a piece! Large scoops of mashed potatoes and stuffing and cranberries compensated for the thin slices of turkey. We had our first midnight Mass in the tiny chapel. January 4 we observed our first Mother Seton Day with Mass and a program advocating our foundress as a national patron. January 12 the Stations of the Cross were erected and blessed by a Franciscan friar. We ended our first year with our first May Crowning, our first picnic, our first final examinations, and first "little commencement" held on the large center stairs. Next year our pioneer class would be sophomores!

The second year we opened another room; the third, we partitioned our last unused classroom with glass so that a typing class could work on one side while a second class recited on the other. The fourth year the last remaining

space provided a chemistry laboratory.

By this time our faculty had increased to 11 Sisters. Housing them was a problem, too. Fortunately, there were large cloakrooms between each two classrooms, and half of each was partitioned off and the space drafted into use for bedrooms. A few leaves in the table made room for everybody in the dining room (even though one had to be careful not to get one's elbow in her neighbor's soup); a few more potatoes in the pot kept everybody well fed. Fortunately, most of the Sisters who came were thin, and therefore fitted into the chapel pews without too much discomfort.

Before we knew it, four years had gone and it was time for our first real commencement. Through tears, I smiled at each graduate as she came down the aisle of the church clutching her diploma, and handed her a medal of Mother Seton on a silver chain, the faculty's graduation gift. How we hated to see them leave, these first pioneer students whom God had entrusted to our care.

Two more years passed happily and quickly. We held our class plays in a nearby public-school auditorium, dances in a women's club, and crownings on "the quadrangle"—the front cement area which now boasted a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Grace, a gift of the Mothers' Guild. The Glee

club gave concerts, private music pupils gave recitals, and our students won honors in national high-school associations.

By this time the little school had wrapped itself around my heart-strings. Every brick and stone, every knife and fork, every window and door, to say nothing of every student, was precious. Ever to leave it, I was sure, would break my heart. But hearts don't break, they just ache.

Early in the sixth year I made a casual remark at the dinner table about something we would do "next year" and suddenly realized that I wouldn't be there next year. I had always known, of course, that at the end of the sixth year I would relinquish my position to some other Sister because that's canon law (and democracy). But the time had gone so quickly!

Christmas night I knelt in the little chapel for meditation and watched the bright lights go out one by one on the hill across from us. "While all things were in quiet silence and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, leapt down from Heaven from Thy royal throne," and our tiny altar became another Bethlehem. "*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus*," sang the clear young voices of our seniors, but to me they also sang, "This is your last midnight Mass at Elizabeth Seton." A few

months later, as I slipped each junior's class ring on her finger with a "God bless you, dear," her "Thank you, Sister," also told me, "This is the last time." I lived through my last May crowning, my last Mothers' club meeting, my last school picnic.

Finally came my "last commencement." With tears in my eyes and a dull ache in my heart, I knelt in the tiny chapel and said good-by to my beloved school. With all my will, but much against my heart, I repeated Job's "The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." God was asking a big sacrifice, but I still knew that in spite of the heartache, I'd rather be a Sister of Charity than anything else in the world.

Time heals all wounds. In a few months I had settled into my niche in the college again. Under its second principal the high school saw new glory. Its Mothers' guild and Fathers' club raised capital to finance a modern auditorium, cafeteria, and convent. Its graduates scattered to California, to New York, to the midwest. They are now college women, nurses, teachers, business women, happy wives and mothers of small children. The first freshman became the first alumna Sister of Charity; thirty others have followed her into Mother Seton's ranks.

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AN OBSTACLE is something you see when you take your eyes off the goal.
SFC Spotlight (May '53).

Sour Cream Is Good to Eat

How to make it and enjoy it

Condensed from *Gourmet**

TOO MANY AMERICANS feel that sour cream is just sweet cream gone wrong. Nothing could be further from the truth. Sour cream is food in a class with cottage cheese or yogurt. Its slightly tart, haunting flavor is as delectable as it is unforgettable.

To a Russian, a Pole, Hungarian, or Rumanian, sour cream is a beloved ingredient of daily eating. In his cuisine sour cream appears with the regularity of salt. For instance, during the many years that Budapest was a brilliant and gala city, its inhabitants celebrated the Feast of St. Stephen with great pomp. This feast was the crowning holiday of the Hungarian year; young and old, peasant and noble took part in it. St. Stephen was Hun-

gary's first king; himself converted to Christianity in the year 985, he brought all Hungary into the fold, and dedicated his beloved country to the blessed Virgin. On his feast day, a great procession of school children, monks, soldiers, and officials, dressed in shining robes, wended its way from the Royal chapel, through the streets of Budapest to the Matthias church. Acolytes garbed in scarlet and white carefully carried the unfaded right hand of the saint in its golden reliquary. This celebration included, of course, happy feasting. The *pièce de résistance* was always *paprika csirke*—chicken cooked with paprika and a lavish amount of sour cream.

In days past, the Russians made



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sour cream a part of Easter Sunday. Families shared a solemn and sumptuous Easter dinner, often ending in *pashka*, a dessert made with cream cheese, butter, and, naturally, sour cream, and ornamented with a cross made of raisins and almonds.

Sour cream has its place in every part of the dinner. It makes a superb dip for raw vegetables. It floats pleasantly on soups, both cold and hot. It pairs off gracefully with meats and fowl, it insinuates itself into salads, and becomes an integral part of any number of desserts. Sour cream grows on you. To know sour cream is to love it, and to find an excuse for putting it in practically everything.

Sour cream may be bought. It can also be made at home.

Stir well one pint bottle pasteurized heavy sweet cream and pour half of it into a sterile container. Shake a bottle of buttermilk, preferably the commercial product, since it contains the correct percentage of acid, and add five teaspoons of buttermilk to the half bottle of heavy cream. Fill the bottle to one inch of the top with the remaining cream, stopper the bottle, and shake well. Let the cream stand in a warm place until it is thick and sour, 24 hours in warm weather and 12 to 24 hours longer in cool weather. Chill in the refrigerator for 12 to 24 hours before using. The cold sour cream can be slightly whipped for a smoother

and stiffer result. Beware of overbeating, or you will find that you have butter.

Now that the sour cream is in the refrigerator, what to do with it? Before moving on to the recipes, here are some general observations. In baking, for example, sour cream makes a more moist, lighter cake than does ordinary milk; it produces wonderfully rich pie crusts. Apricots, blueberries, and peaches become even more appealing if they arrive at table heaped with a frost-white cap of sour cream.

Sour cream is traditionally associated with cold fish—salmon in particular—as well as with sliced cucumber salad. These delights can be combined in a cucumber sour-cream sauce for salmon. Peel a large cucumber, cut it in half lengthwise, and discard the seeds. Grate the flesh. Beat one cup thick sour cream with one teaspoon lemon juice and salt to taste and fold in the grated cucumber.

And for those who love beans—baked beans, lentils, red beans, black beans, all beans—sour cream will be an especially welcome sight. For sour cream is not just friendly to beans; it dotes on them.

A last word of warning to one and all. Like all beautiful institutions, sour cream can become too prevalent and turn into a vice. Therefore we say with sternness and authority, sour cream is absolutely awful with a dry Martini! Apart from that, the sky's the limit.

Chicken Paprika

Cut 2 plump chickens, each weighing about 2½ pounds, into serving pieces. Sprinkle the pieces with 1 teaspoon salt and let them stand in a covered bowl in the refrigerator for 30 minutes.

In a heavy kettle heat ½ cup butter and in it sauté 2 onions, chopped, over a low flame until the onion is transparent. Stir in 1 tablespoon paprika, add the chicken, and continue to cook slowly until the pieces are golden. Add ½ cup chicken stock, cover the kettle, and cook the chicken gently for 30 minutes. Sprinkle the chicken with ½ tablespoon flour, add 1 cup chicken stock, and continue to cook for 15 minutes longer. Stir in 1 cup thick sour cream and bring the sauce just to a boil. Turn into a warm serving dish and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley or dill.

Chicken Livers Paysanne

In a frying pan, sauté 1 onion, finely chopped, in 2 tablespoons butter until golden. Add 1 tablespoon mixed parsley and sweet marjoram and 1½ pounds of chopped chicken livers. Sear the livers for a few minutes over a brisk fire, stirring, then lower the heat and stir

in 1 cup thick sour cream. Simmer for 3 minutes, add ¼ cup beef stock, and continue to simmer for 3 minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serve with rice.

Cold Borsch

Wash, peel, and grate coarsely 8 young beets. Simmer the beets in 4 cups water for 20 minutes, or until tender. Stir in the juice of 1 lemon and sugar and salt and pepper to taste and continue to cook for 5 minutes longer. Remove the soup from the fire and stir in 1 cup thick sour cream mixed well with 2 egg yolks. Cool, cover, and chill.

Serve the borsch with a dollop of sour cream on each portion. The sour cream may be sprinkled with a little finely chopped dill.

Wax Beans with Sour Cream

Cook 2 pounds of Frenched yellow wax beans in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and stir into the beans 1 teaspoon each of finely chopped parsley, chives, fennel, and dill, 1 cup thick sour cream mixed with 1 teaspoon flour, 3 tablespoons butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover the saucepan and heat over simmering water for 10 to 15 minutes before serving.



Stop, Look, and Lesson

IF THE TRAIN gives a hoot for your life, so should you. Somerset Maugham.

DRIVE RIGHT so more people will be left. Sweet & Crawford Review (Nov. '52).

Think Before You Speak

A gossip builds her own ego, but loose talk can still cost lives

By HELEN COLTON

Condensed from *Everywoman's**

MAUDE CUSHING and her husband don't get along," said Mrs. A.

"Mrs. A. says the Cushings fight like cats and dogs," said Mrs. B. later to Mr. B.

Next day Mr. B. saw Cushing on the street. "Cushing looks terrible. I hear he's sick and his wife won't take care of him," he said to a customer.

"Mrs. Cushing's husband is dying and she doesn't seem to give a darn," the customer told a friend.

Claude Cushing did die soon thereafter. Oddly, he died of poisoning. And it didn't take long for the townspeople to build up a case against Mrs. Cushing. She was tried for the poison death of her husband, found guilty and sentenced to life in prison.

Years went by. Friends of Mrs. Cushing gathered evidence which proved that Mr. Cushing had been warned by a physician that continued habitual use of a poisonous drug might have serious results. Ignoring the warning, Cushing had poisoned himself.

A couple of years ago, Gov. G.

Mennen Williams of Michigan gave Maude Cushing a full pardon, saying she'd been convicted by "small town gossip." Then 66 years old, she had spent 26 years behind bars because of a few neighbors' tongues.

You probably know someone like Maude Cushing this very moment—someone whose life, marriage, freedom, or job is being endangered by gossip. When you've finished this article, you may be able to save some other potential Maude Cushing.

Why do we gossip? And what determines what we gossip about? To find out, two Harvard professors, Gordon W. Allport and Leo Postman, recently spent several years conducting scientific studies with both adults and children from all walks of life. They found that before a piece of gossip interests you, two conditions must exist.

First the items must have *importance to you*. If you heard a story about a philandering husband, a complete stranger, you wouldn't gossip about him. But if the same story were about your husband's

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boss, it would have importance to you.

Secondly, the facts must be shrouded in some kind of *ambiguity*. What you hear must conflict with something you believed was true. If you know the true facts about an incident, you're unlikely to speculate or gossip about it. For instance, you see a girl-friend's husband lunching with his secretary. Not knowing the circumstances, you might talk about it. But if you chatted with the husband and secretary and learned they'd been shopping for a gift for his wife you'd know the facts and the incident would have no mystery for you.

Most gossip, say Professors Allport and Postman, arises from four basic human traits: sex interest, anxiety, hope, and hate.

Sex interest: Frequent talk about movie stars' romantic affairs is sufficient illustration of this source of gossip.

Anxiety: We spread rumors about things we fear: "Our fleet was wiped out at Pearl Harbor; the country has no defense force left." "The factory's going to close up here and move away; our husbands will all be out of jobs."

Hope: We spread rumors to ease our anxieties and dreads: "There's a new magical cure for cancer." "They say prices are going to come down."

The frequent rumors that Hitler was dead, that Germany and Japan

had surrendered, that an armistice was to be declared, were motivated by hope that these things would happen.

Hate: Some of us are narrow-minded, prejudiced, selfish. We are frustrated and envious. We don't know where to vent our anger, and we pick a scapegoat to hate, often a racial or religious minority group, and blame that for all that's wrong in our lives.

However, since we live in a decent society where open hatred is not acceptable, we disguise our hatred. We dress it in the garb of "hostility rumors." In effect, we say, "See how my hatred is justified? Listen to this story about a member of this minority group."

When we hear a rumor we rarely pass it on exactly as we got it. To make it conform better to our needs, we change, omit, add details—about quantity, time, place, size.

Thus, Mrs. Ames tells Mrs. Leeds she saw a married neighbor out with a single girl. Mrs. Leeds, telling you the story, may say she saw the two, not once but several times, not just walking but holding hands.

The greatest distortion of rumor happens during race riots. In the infamous Detroit riot of 1943, the earliest recorded rumor said a Negro and a white man had a fist fight. By the end of the riot, among the causes given were: "A Negro baby had been snatched from its mother's arms and thrown from a

bridge by white sailors." "A white woman had been attacked by colored men."

No wonder one professor says, "The people who believe rumors are falling for the world's most distorted lies." In the Harvard studies, not one single rumor out of thousands remained undistorted.

Most of us gossip a bit but not all have scandalous tidbits forever on our lips. Be wary of people who do. "There are a half-million schizophrenics in the country today," says a doctor, "whose chief means of hitting back at others is by gossiping about them." Such a person gossips with deliberate intent to destroy. If you believe his gossip about others today, others will believe his gossip about you tomorrow.

Unfortunately, the ordinary person who gossips without vicious intent can be just as destructive to a victim's reputation and livelihood as the near-psychotic. When gossip is destructive, its victim can sue on charges of slander (verbal gossip) or libel (printed gossip).

Gossip and rumor are potentially so powerful that propaganda experts consider them among the chief weapons of war, politics, and business. Werner Thiel, nazi saboteur who landed on Long Island from a U-boat during the war, brought only one weapon—his tongue. He had been sent here "to sow unrest by spreading divisive rumors." In whispering campaigns, political candidates are often en-

dowed with failing health or jail records.

How much trouble can this rumor-mongering cause? Listen to David Jacobson, a public relations executive. He computes that if you told a rumor to ten friends, and if each of those friends repeated your tale to ten of his friends, it would take, allowing five minutes for each set of narrations, only 25 minutes for your rumor to reach one million persons!

In killing off gossip, don't try to track it down to its source. You're not likely to get far. Gossipers don't like to reveal the names of those from whom they get their tales; there's an unpleasant implication of snitching about it.

And in order to track it down, you'd have to repeat the rumor to those from whom you sought information. As the Office of War Information learned, the worst thing you can do in trying to kill rumor is to repeat it. People pick up the rumor but not the denial.

The ideal way to stop rumor, the government people learned, was to provide true information. The rumor-mongers had to be convinced that their information was untrue, incorrect, or illogical. In other words, you have to remove the *ambiguity* from the story.

Strangely, it may be tougher to combat gossip about a friend than about yourself. If it's slander that could affect your friend's job and reputation, you should tell her. She

can't combat such talk if she remains ignorant of it.

If the rumor is less important, your best bet is not to upset your friend with it but to squelch it yourself. You might say to the one who tells it to you, "I know Sylvia very well, and I know that story isn't true. You and I should make it our business to stop that story." Once you've enlisted the gossip's promise to help stop the rumor, it's not likely she'll continue to spread it.

When it comes to your own gossip, make this test the next time you're about to pass on some hearsay. See if you don't find it easy not to say anything. In the split second between the time the thought comes to you and your tongue goes into action, ask yourself these questions: Through how many persons might this story have filtered before I heard it? What distortions might each one have given it, to ease his own anxieties, excuse his own prejudices?

What's lacking in my life that I need to build up my ego by tearing others down? The topics you're currently gossiping about can give you an insight into what's bothering you. If you're unduly interested in gossip about the marital

affairs of others, that could be a storm signal that you are subconsciously discontent with your own marriage.

Who might have started this rumor? Two leading rumor sources are innocent offenders. One, children who tell mama about neighborhood doings and scenes in their playmates' homes, and unwittingly exaggerate them. The other, people with jobs "in the know"—newspaper and radio employees, government workers, whose casual remarks often have "behind-the-scenes" meanings read into them. We've all heard that familiar preface to gossip: "Jack Lane, the reporter, told me this."

Did I ever see the incident with my own eyes? Did I ever make an attempt to give this person a chance to refute this gossip? Would I speak this piece of gossip if I knew that it might cause a murder, or send someone to jail? Those who gossiped about Maude Cushing never dreamed their loose talk would result in such tragedy.

When you've asked yourself these questions, you'll probably decide to leave the words of gossip and hearsay unspoken. You may thereby save a career, a business, a reputation, a marriage—even a life.



"If God would concede me His omnipotence for 24 hours, you would see how many changes I would make in the world," said the great orator Mon-
sieur one day. Then he added, "But, if He gave me His wisdom, too, I would leave things as they are."

Sintesi (Aug.-Sept. '52).

Lift Up Your Hearts

Body and soul, it's the best thing for you

By O. A. BATTISTA

MY SECRETARY prays in shorthand whenever she is in need of God's help and files her prayers away to be reread from time to time. "It is amazing," she told me recently, "how few of my shorthand prayers I have kept. Most of them have already been answered and once they're answered I replace them with a thank you note."

Any time some special problem arises in our household or an important decision must be reached, my wife begins a prayer-filibuster. I attribute much of our happiness to the effectiveness of her determined prayer crusades.

I find that the longer I live the more firmly I believe in prayer. It is my everyday means of expressing faith, hope and love, of developing an inner resistance to defeat and pessimism, of finding strength and courage.

Christ Himself, of course, set the pattern for us. He not only told His apostles to pray; He spent whole nights in prayer and meditation in the seclusion of a mountain or a desert. More things are wrought through prayer than most men

think, even on the physical plane.

"Prayer," wrote the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, brilliant author and physician, "is a force as real as terrestrial gravity. It is the most powerful form of energy that one can emanate. If you make a habit of sincere prayer, your life will be very noticeably and profoundly altered. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. Only in prayer do we achieve that complete and harmonious assembly of body, mind and spirit which gives the frail human its unshakable strength. Today, as never before, it is a binding necessity in the lives of men and nations."

People without faith scoff at prayer as a childish, old-fashioned idea. They lean on the scientists, the doctors, the lawyers and the psychiatrists to help solve their problems. But inevitably they run head-on into problems that are far beyond the reach of scientists, doctors, lawyers, or psychiatrists.

Time and again men and women who turned to prayer and God

when death seemed near have grown stronger than their affliction and survived. One of the most striking cases of this kind in recent times was that of Lt. Comdr. Edwin Miller Rosenberg of the U. S. Navy. Doomed to certain death by all the doctors who examined him, he learned how to pray. He became stronger than the cancer that was devastating his kidney, and not only conquered it but lived to rejoin the Navy.

The power of prayer is all about us if we but look for it. A good friend of mine, a famous brain surgeon, conditions his body and his hands for his delicate feats with the scalpel by a short prayer before every operation. "I rely heavily during a brain operation," he told me, "upon the assistant surgeons and the nurses, but I always rely most on the greatest Healer of all—God."

For 15 minutes of every day, the president of a large textile firm in suburban Philadelphia is unavailable to all callers. From his secretary, I learned that he reserves those 15 minutes daily for prayer to God, requesting of Him guidance and good judgment, enlightenment and wisdom.

The mother of twins who were stricken with polio in our neighborhood a year ago knows that it is prayer, not wonder drugs, that keeps her on her feet tending constantly to her charges. She, like Abraham Lincoln, has turned ear-

nestly to God because "there is no one else in the whole world to go to for more help."

Lincoln repeatedly expressed his reliance upon prayer. "I talk to God," he once said. "My mind seems relieved when I do, and a way is suggested. I should be the veriest shallow and self-conceited blockhead, in my discharge of the duties that are put upon me in this place, if I should hope to get along without the wisdom that comes from God and not from man."

To skeptics, scientist and Nobel Prize winner Dr. Robert A. Millikan has this to say: "A purely materialistic philosophy is to me the height of unintelligence."

The late Mahatma Gandhi once said, "Because I believe in God, I believe in prayer. It is the surest means of becoming conscious of His presence; that is the real meaning of prayer, its strength and its reward."

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, the colorful air-line executive, told an audience recently. "If you have not had the experience of God in your life, get busy and get yourself one. Yes, I believe in prayer. And I'm thankful I learned to pray at my mother's knee."

Judge Harold E. Medina, who survived the ingenious schemes of the communists he finally outmaneuvered and sentenced to jail, says, "Only a prayer behind the scenes helped me through the worst of the experience." Indeed, prayer

penetrates the darkest corners and spans the greatest distances. No power can oppose it.

The prayers from the hearts of two very great men hang in my office. One is by Robert Louis Stevenson: "We thank Thee for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. . . Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which

is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another."

The other is by another very great soul who knew full well the power of prayer, St. Francis of Assisi: "Grant that where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy. Grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive."

House of Cards

WHEN one of the huge new buildings on Stalin Alee, in East Berlin, collapsed when the workers removed the scaffolding, the Minister of Construction was angry. "You idiots!" he shouted at his engineers. "Didn't I tell you not to remove the scaffolding until the wallpaper had been hung?"

The London Tablet (20 Jun. '53).

A RUSSIAN newspaper published the following item: After a heavy rainfall, a pile of bricks at a construction site in Krasnoiarsk fell to pieces. After the mishap the brick-factory manager, Comrade Pdurovsky, explained: "The bricks shouldn't have been left standing in the rain; bricks have chalk in them, and water disintegrates them."

News from Behind the Iron Curtain.

THREE cellmates in an East German prison were explaining to each other why they were jailed. The first man said he was accused of "absenteeism." He had come to work five minutes late. The second man said he got to work five minutes early. He was in for "spying." The third man said he always got to work on time. "I was accused of buying a Western watch."

INS.

In Fire and Panic

*Your supermarket, theater, school, or church
may burn with you inside*

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

Condensed from "*Disaster on Your Doorstep*"*

THE AVERAGE CITIZEN can take a safety tip from any self-respecting burglar. It is simply "Case the joint." And this goes for the lodge hall, the supermarket, the school auditorium—any place that is new to you and from which you might want to make a quick exit.

Panic can be avoided. But most persons are never concerned about it until it is upon them, and then it is usually too late. By making a few panic plans, looking around for the extra doors and windows in a meeting room, giving an auditorium a good sizing-up before you settle down in your seat, you may save your life.

Panic, a black word to firemen, is a strange thing. It can turn a praying congregation, an attentive theater audience or a subway car full of commuters into a frenzied, unthinking mob. It can be touched off by a false cry of fire in a crowded church; by the acrid smell of smoke that will do no harm but which suggests suffocation or flames; by frightened people

jammed into a too-narrow aisle leading to a too-narrow door.

People who are overcome by panic in these situations have one thing in common. They have not thought about the possibility of panic before it hits them!

It does not take actual fire to set off a panic. In Caracas, Venezuela, this year a pickpocket, hoping to steal some wallets in the confusion, cried out "fire" at a Holy Week church service.

His false shout resulted in the panic death of 53 men, women, and children. They were killed trying to escape from the church although there was no fire. Some time ago 71 persons died in a second-floor meeting hall in Calumet, Mich. There was no smoke and no flames. A misunderstood outcry did the trick.

In New York subways, riders in cars stalled underground by a short circuit have turned into clawing mobs who tore clothing off each other and broke car windows with their bare fists. The smell of smoke

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from insulation frightened them.

But then there are panic situations connected with real fire. While fire-prevention people have hounded builders for years to provide plenty of exits, plenty of doors is not the complete answer. Nine people out of ten leave a place the way they entered it. Even though there have been plenty of doors in burning buildings, it has been found that 90% of the people head for the main exit. The main exit is where bodies stack up.

Almost 50 years ago Chicago's Iroquois theater disaster cost 575 lives. Only three of 10 exits were used.

In Boston, the Cocanut Grove night-club had plenty of doors, but the main revolving door (the one through which the customers were admitted) jammed in the fire and 200 bodies were found beside it. One hundred more piled up at a second exit. Four other doors were locked at the time of the fire. Nearly 500 persons, about 50% of the celebrators present, lost their lives in the "hot spot" that lived up to its name.

Three couples reported that they passed up the Cocanut Grove that night because they thought it looked like a firetrap. Observant, thinking citizens know all the signs of a firetrap. It pays to look around to see what you are getting into—and what your chances of getting out in a hurry really are!

The National Fire Protection

Association reports that there are over 3,000 church fires a year in this country. That is an average of nine a day.

The possibilities for disasters in church fires are great. Many times, the persons responsible for the operation of churches know very little about the safety rules for public assembly. Sometimes inspection of churches by officials is not as rigid as it should be. As in night clubs, but for a different reason, the emphasis is on getting people into churches rather than out. For this reason little thought is given to quick, safe ways of emptying the place. Luckily so far, our church fires have occurred mostly during the hours when the buildings were empty. But more than half of the fires have been total losses.

Churches are not built so differently today, yet many a fire chief has encountered pastors who get huffy when flagrant safety rules violations are pointed out to them.

One fire chief told about a clergyman who had both side doors locked after his service began and the congregation was seated. He did this so that everyone would have to leave the edifice by the main door, where he stood to shake hands with each person who filed by him.

This situation was noticed by a person interested in safety methods and fire prevention. He reported this bottled up congregation to the fire chief.

The doors have been unlocked since. Probably no member of the congregation ever thought of those locked doors as barriers to safety in case of panic or real fire.

Supermarkets bear thinking about—and looking around—also. There has been an increase of fires in them in recent years, usually when the stores were closed.

The crowds of people shopping in them on busy Saturdays or the days before holidays; the jumble of pushcarts in the aisles; the meager exits often with turnstiles in front of them, and the amount of combustible stock in the storage spaces, is something to ponder.

When you shop in them, pick the least crowded hours and give some thought to panic and those "other exits" before the jam session starts.

Schools and colleges—public, parochial and private—are even higher on the danger list than churches and supermarkets because there are more of them. Fire protection experts know that 60% of our nation's schools are firetraps. We have eight school fires a day in the U.S. The average losses are 12 times greater than those of the typical hotel fire of which we are all scared to death.

Since the ghastly Lakewood grammar school episode took the lives of 176 children in Collinswood, Ohio, there have been 205 deaths in only five other major fires exclusive of the 292 in the freak

explosion at New London, Texas.

Militant PTA groups have been emphasizing the need for thinking about panic in our schools. Many schools do stage fire drills but a large percentage of them are of little value and are put on only to soothe nervous mothers.

However, in Texas they have worked out a state-wide system of valuable drills called "obstructed fire drills." This kind of drill puts the burden upon the pupil to use his head in a make-believe fire situation. It is not just a jolly trot to recess as are so many drills. Instead the "obstructed fire drill" trains the pupils to think about dangerous problems in calm circumstances—at times when there is no real fire, no real panic to contend with. Then later, should the need arise, this preparation will be of real value to them should they find themselves in real danger from fire or a milling mob.

The children are taught which *second exit* to use if their first one is unexpectedly cut off. For the drill, a stairway or passage is blocked off and the pupils do not know it until they come upon the obstruction. Then they must choose another safe way out of the building. This is done by following a plan.

Value of this training was proved five years ago when disaster struck Texas City. Nine hundred frightened, bleeding kids marched out of the Danforth elementary school

while the building was crashing down around them. The second-floor pupils found their normal stairway blocked after they started down it, but obeyed a silent hand signal from their leader, retraced their steps and made their way to an exit at the other end of the building. There was no panic.

The threat of panic hangs over every public assembly. Remember these five points.

1. If a rush to the exits starts, count to ten. In that interval look over the situation to see *what* it is and how critical it is. Then, if possible, make for a way out different from the most popular one.

2. Remember that smoke causes more panics than fire and the floor is not the safest place. Dangerous gases sink. Three feet from the floor has been found to be the *least* dangerous area. You reach it by crouching but don't crawl.

3. Panics have been averted when some level-headed person has spoken up with a voice of authority to calm the crowd or when someone has started to play or sing. Panic can be averted.

4. There is only one way to deal with the "incendiary voice"—the frightened character who starts a panic and spurs it on. The voice must be stilled. A sock to the jaw or the solar plexus does the trick and may be necessary to stop the panic and save lives.

5. Teach your family never to waste time getting wraps from a checkroom, or gathering up belongings in a hotel when there is a fire. It is far better to walk out in your night clothes than to be carried out properly clad.

Do this advance thinking about what you should do in case of fire panic. You may be able to save yourself and to help others.

The Voice of Caution

AT A recent meeting of the Larchmont forum the subject for discussion was to be the Soviet Union. The chairman was having difficulty finding a Russian for the discussion panel. He finally had to call the Soviet UN delegation.

To a disembodied voice on the other end of the phone he explained what he wanted. Then the voice said, "Write a letter."

"Very well," said the chairman, "to whom am I speaking?"

"Eet does not matter," said the voice.

"But I wondered to whom I should write."

"Eet does not matter."

"Well, where shall I address the letter?"

"Een the talyphone book," and the connection was broken.

The chairman wrote his letter, and never received an answer.

Magazine Digest (May '53).

Rudeness Is Hurting Us

Bad manners are giving our country a bad name

By HELEN COLTON

Condensed from *Better Living**

LAST YEAR, a high school girl committed suicide, leaving a note in which she said she could not bear the contemptuous treatment of her classmates. A group of housewives, queried in a poll, said that three out of four women have terrible manners.

The foreign-travel department of the American Automobile association pointed out that the bad behavior of some Americans abroad was creating ill will for the entire U. S. Our State department sent to travelers, along with their passports, a pamphlet saying, "Tourists who assume an air of arrogance can do more in an hour to break down elements of friendly approach between peoples than the government can do in a year to stimulate friendly relations."

A Parisian visitor to New York, asked for his opinion of Americans, said, "Gentlemen ride in our subways, savages ride in yours." On land, on sea, in the air, and underground, some of us are hitting a new low in thoughtless, inconsiderate, and arrogant manners.

Our society, the most advanced industrially and mechanically, wor-

ships speed and efficiency. We admire whatever goes faster, farther, and better.

Courtesy, however, demands not a speeding up but a slowing down. Consideration takes an extra second for us to think about how the other fellow feels and allows him his full rights. Kindness requires thinking.

Much of the time this mania for speed results only in crushed feelings. More and more it's also resulting in crushed bodies and lives. Both the National Safety council and the AAA list discourtesy as the greatest single cause of auto accidents.

Because many people do take the time to be courteous, those who don't are often secretly ashamed. When an insurance agent on our block broke his arm, Mr. David, a neighbor on vacation, drove the agent to his appointments. "You know," said some neighborhood people, "I don't trust that Mr. David. Why should he drive Joe around?" They wouldn't believe the simple truth—he enjoyed being nice to others.

Some people do not accept gen-

*Mass Market Publications, Inc., 230 Park Avenue, New York City 17. Feb., 1953. Copyright 1953, and reprinted with permission.

erosity for its own sake. They feel sure the generous person has an "angle," a dark, deep-lying motive. If they can't figure out what his motive is, they decide he's plotting to obligate them for the future.

The gracious act is often ridiculed. During the 2nd World War, when Eleanor Roosevelt rubbed noses in greeting a tribal chieftain, as is the Maori custom, nearly every radio comedian and political cartoonist joked about her courteous obedience to the custom of another land.

Of course a great many of us consider ourselves to be well-mannered. We have all the social graces, know all the amenities. But some of us are rude in subtler ways. We hide our rudeness behind other labels. The rights of old age, the rights of relatives, frankness, honesty, wit, superior knowledge—all of these are used as convenient cover-ups for sarcasm, faultfinding, prying into another's affairs, cruel treatment of another's sensibilities, domineering attempts to run the lives of others.

The rude behavior of some older people has contributed much to the unfair idea many of us have that old people, as a whole, are difficult to get along with. The rudest man I know is a grandfather in his 70's. I've seen him go to the telephone, over which a granddaughter was chatting with a boy friend, and disconnect them because he felt they'd been talking long enough. In front

of guests, he criticizes his 40-year-old daughter's housekeeping, her appearance, her friends. This grandfather thinks it's his right as an elder to be as rude as he likes.

The man who is witty or has greater knowledge often acts as if that is justification enough for his interrupting another's story to correct him, to challenge him on a small point, or to steal the punch line out of his mouth with an even funnier line. Many wives are similarly rude when they blurt out, before their husbands get that far, the endings of the stories their mates are recounting.

The victories we win by hammering at others with our superior information are usually pretty empty. Our victims don't think, "How smart Mary is," but, "How rude of her to be so insistent that she is right."

Relatives, either blood or marital, frequently behave as if the relationship in itself entitles them to "interference privileges" in the lives of their children and their in-laws.

We all know the chronic criticizer, the vitriolic-tongued person whose bad manners go by the name of "honesty" or "frankness."

No one is asking the outspoken people of this world to be dishonest. But if a comment does nothing more than make someone unhappy, particularly when that comment has not been asked for, why make it at all? The fact that a deflating remark is accurate does not make

it more palatable to the victim.

A hairdresser speaks the truth when she says to me, "Good heavens, you have the crookedest hairline I've ever seen!" So does the friend who comments, "Gee, those shoes make your feet look big." Or the woman who exclaims at a party, "Ooh, what a big run you've got!" And yet I resent all those comments.

They are what in our household we call "helpless recipient" remarks. The person to whom such a comment is made is helpless to repair, change, or amend the situation which evoked the remark. For instance, at ten o'clock on a Saturday night at a party, I am not able to replace torn hosiery. Having it called to my attention only makes me feel self-conscious. I was born with my crooked hairline; I am the hapless victim of the hairdresser's comment. And what would the shoe commentator like me to do—take off the shoes right there?

The "helpless recipient" remark is an especially common discour-

tesy. You probably hear it every day in one form or another. "Your little boy has a speech defect, hasn't he?" one woman says to another. The child's mother knows about it; does the other woman think she is telling her something new?

None of us can cure another's bad manners. Reciprocating rudeness leads only into a "If you can be mean, I can be meaner" contest in nastiness. We must treat bad manners with good; unkindness with kindness.

Essentially, all discourtesy is what Margaret Culkin Banning calls "undemocratic conduct." She points out that bad manners demonstrate intolerance and bigotry toward those we consider inferior. A person is rarely discourteous toward someone he thinks of as more important than himself.

If we let our bad manners go unchecked and our cynicism toward good manners grow, we can do only harm to ourselves as human beings and harm to the society in which we live.



Cautious Comeback

SHE'D been one of the most glamorous stars of her day and was making a comeback in the movies now but was not quite satisfied with the "rushes" of the new film.

"Look here, Mr. Casson," she turned to the head photographer, "you had me looking gorgeous in my last picture. Why can't you do it in this movie too?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," said the cameraman diplomatically, "I'm 12 years older now."

Harold Helfer

A Day in My Life

*The most intense 24 hours I ever lived
summed up my whole life work*

By ERNEST F. MILLER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

I LANDED with the American troops at St. Michel, on the Riviera, in southern France Aug. 15, 1944. Our convoy, consisting of destroyers, troop-carriers, battleships and small landing craft, had set on a zigzag course from Naples six days before.

The trip over the Mediterranean was uneventful. We saw no submarines, surface vessels or airplanes that might cause us trouble. But I had a great deal of trouble. I was, so far as I knew then, the only priest aboard this converted British passenger liner, carrying about 5,000 American troops and several hundred Royal Air Force pilots and mechanics. It was my duty to hear the confessions of the thousand Catholic men. I wondered how I would ever hear them all in the few hours preceding a

full-scale attack on an enemy stronghold.

The first evening on ship, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked up to see a tall, spare colonel, dressed in the blue of the Royal Air Force.

"Are you by any chance a R. C. chaplain?" he asked. To the British, R. C. is an abbreviation for Roman Catholic.

"I am," I answered.

"Shake," he said. "I'm a priest myself. British, it is true, but nevertheless a priest. I've been over the whole ship, and it seems that you're the only other one of us on board. We're going to have a time of it getting these chaps in shape for the big moment."

He sat down beside me and we talked. Before the evening was over, we had made all our plans.

During most of the six days the Brit-



*August, 1953. Copyright 1953 by the Redemptorist Fathers, Liguori, Mo., and reprinted with permission.

ish priest and I heard confessions. Probably there wasn't a Catholic on board who did not come to us. It is more than probable that not a few Protestants also presented themselves for absolution without our knowing that they were Protestants. When we were not hearing confessions, we were saying Mass or distributing Holy Communion.

Saying Mass raised difficulties. Every square foot of the ship's decks was occupied by soldiers. The crowd was so large that no one, except in urgent necessity, was allowed to move from the position given him when he first embarked. A warning was sounded over the public speaker that if too many men moved to one side of the ship, it might capsize. Our problem was to get to the men with Mass. It was clearly impossible for them to get to us.

We said Mass in every available corner. And wherever we said it, there was always a multitude present. Before the war the non-Catholics aboard may have thought that the Mass was nothing more than superstition. But now, as we moved slowly forward to the field of battle, they seemed happy enough to be present, and even, in some instances, to get down on their knees in imitation of the Catholic men around them. All of them were facing death.

On the morning of the 15th the convoy stopped. It was dawn, and land could be dimly seen. Wave

after wave of huge bombers flew over our heads toward shore. There they dropped their bombs, swung gracefully around and flew over our heads again on their journey home. It was a spectacular yet terrifying sight. Enemy anti-aircraft was sending up innumerable tracers of brilliant reds and greens. And the shore seemed to have come alive. In a thousand different places huge geysers of dirt and flame and smoke and blasted masonry rose high in the air, mushrooming out in clouds of black and white. Buildings were burning fiercely. Trees were splintered and broken and twisted. We wondered how any human being could survive.

When the bombers had done their work, the battleships began. Salvo after salvo of heavy shells were fired into the burning wreckage. The sea trembled with the explosions of the guns as they went off, and of the shells as they hit their targets. The men were silent. Even the most hardened amongst us must have wondered how man could be so inhuman to his fellow-man.

How long the softening-up process went on I do not remember. All I recall is that suddenly an order came to disembark. It was getting on now toward eight o'clock. We climbed down the rope netting hanging down the side to an LCT, or Landing Craft, Troops.

We were loaded with equip-

ment. Life-jackets covered the upper part of our bodies. Under our jackets we had the things we would need before Supply could catch up with us. Besides all this I had my Mass kit, which was pretty heavy. No priest in the army ever allowed his Mass kit to get out of sight. I hung onto mine for dear life.

A feeling hard to describe takes over as you come to where sharp bullets and big shells keep zinging and swishing through the air. Your mouth becomes dry and your conversation sparse. It seems tremendously important not to show the least sign of fear. I was repeating over and over again the act of contrition. The British priest had given me absolution before I went over the side of the ship, and I had obliged him with the same.

Within a block or so of the shore we jumped out into the shallows. The water was soothingly warm, the weather was beautiful with a bright sun and a blue sky overhead. It was a wonderful day to make one's exit from the wars of the world, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

It is not too clear to me just how I got to shore. I recall ropes and sailors and so on. I found myself on dry land and all in one piece.

The first sight to meet my eyes were the dead and dying German soldiers, victims of the bombardment. My clothes were soaked. I

felt terrible. But my work was cut out for me. I began at once.

With the little German I knew I asked each wounded soldier if I could help him. I said that I was an American priest, but that at a time like this there were no such things as enemies, that we were all brothers under God. Some of the men lying on the ground were so terribly torn that their flesh was literally shredded from their bones. The sight of their suffering was almost more than I could bear.

Not a single one refused my services. I anointed the Catholics. The non-Catholics I tried to lead to sorrow for their sins and to baptism of desire. All during the war I kept my holy oils in the pocket of my shirt so as to have them ready on instant notice should I need them.

It was a long time before I finished my rounds of the wounded and the dying. Only then did I discover that I had been walking about in an area that had been mined by the Germans against invasion. By some providence of God I had not stepped upon a mine. My outfit had moved on. All I could do was strike out for myself and see if I could find my own unit in the confusion.

A blacktop road runs along the shore of the Mediterranean from St. Michel to a little town called Frejus, some four or five miles distant. I set out on this road. Evening was beginning to fall. Vine-

yard-covered hills rose up from the sea. Tranquil and multi-colored, the sea reached out to the horizon.

It was dark when I found my men. I prepared immediately to say Mass for those who could attend. The place was in the middle of a huge vineyard. The grapes were ripe and hanging in great abundance on the vines. My altar

was a box. The men were grimy and unshaven and tired to the point of collapse. My clothes hung on me like rags. But we went ahead with the Holy Sacrifice anyway. When I finished, I put away my vestments in my Mass kit, made a short thanksgiving, and then lay down where I was. In a few moments I was asleep.

Hearts Are Trumps

TESSIER, my adjutant in the Foreign Legion in 1940, was a man of mystery to me at first. Then one day, I introduced to him Legionnaire Rathenau, a new arrival at our Libyan fort.

Tessier leaped from his seat. "Rathenau? Are you related to the late German statesman?" When my friend said that he was his nephew, there was a terrible silence. Then Tessier said, "I killed your uncle. My real name is Ernst-Werner Techow." We sat down, overwhelmed by the memories of those brutal murders that had marked the beginning of the rise of nazi power. Foreign Minister Walther Rathenau had been the first to go, assassinated by three young toughs in 1922.

The adjutant fumbled in his desk, and pulled out a yellowed piece of paper. It was a letter from Rathenau's mother to Techow's mother, written on the day after the assassination. "Full of inexpressible compassion," she wrote, "I offer you my hand, you, the most pitiable of all mothers. Tell your son—and this is in the spirit of my dead son—that I forgive him, as God wants to forgive him. May these lines give you back your peace of mind."

"This letter," said Techow, "is my most precious belonging. It opened a new world to me. Even in prison I began to study your uncle's books. In Syria, I learned Hebrew. As Frau Rathenau mastered herself to write this letter to my mother, so I have strived to master myself."

In February, 1941, in Marseilles, I met Techow again. He was dressed as a stevedore, and he invited me to have a drink with him.

"Do you know any Jews who need help?" he asked me. "I can get visas, permits for Casablanca; I can get people into Spain."

I asked him how much he was charging. "A rich man may pay," he answered. "But for every rich man I help, I can get three men through without a farthing." I later found out that Techow had saved more than 700 refugees. And so Frau Rathenau's forgiveness bore fruit in the first nazi to assassinate a Jew, her son.

Judische Wochenschan.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

What Everybody Wants To Know About Twins

Two babies are only one and a half times more work than one

By MARY B. THISTLE
Condensed from *Parents**⁶

TWINS and questions seem to go together. Wherever the children and I go someone always stops us to ask if Nan and Steve are twins. Once told that they are, the questions start: "Are they identical?" "Are they a terrific amount of work?" "Do twins run in the family?"

I used to ask the same questions myself. In fact, when I knew for sure I was going to have twins, I searched everywhere for information. I started interviewing other mothers of twins. I dug through learned tomes. Finally, I talked to several doctors and got their medical opinions. This article is the result. I hope it answers some of your questions. But the next time you open the door for someone balancing a bag of groceries while clutching two pairs of small hands, go right ahead and ask if they are twins. Most of us love it.

Here are the ten questions most frequently asked:

1. *What are the chances that I will have twins?* Twins occur in the



U.S. about once in 90 births. Age counts. You are much more likely to have twins when you are between 35 and 40 than in your twenties. Once you've had twins, chances are above average you'll have another pair. Triplets come once in about 9,000 births; quadruplets once in over 600,000.

2. *How soon can my doctor tell?*

By about the fifth month your doctor will probably suspect twins. There have been rare cases of twins arriving unexpectedly. Usually the doctor can hear two heartbeats. However, the fact that only one is audible is not sure proof of a single baby. You yourself can't tell. Size,

*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17. Copyright 1953 by the Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission. August, 1953.

gain in weight, and the activity you feel may be indications, but only that. Report them to your doctor and let him check. An X ray will give you the final answer.

3. *Is the tendency for twinning inherited?* Twins often run in families, but how the inheritance works isn't yet known. If your family has a record of twins, your chances of having twins are more than average. Bearing of fraternal, or two-egg, twins seems to be influenced mostly by the mother's heredity. In the identical, or one-egg, twins the father's heredity may also play a part.

4. *Will they be identical?* About three out of 10 sets of twins are identicals, the kind you can hardly tell apart. Such twins result when a single fertilized egg splits up into two equally-formed parts shortly after it begins to grow, and each part develops into a separate baby. Identical twins are always of the same sex and are exactly alike in every hereditary trait: coloring, hair-form, and blood types.

5. *Why is it that some twins do not look alike and may be of different sexes?* These are fraternal twins. They develop from two separate eggs which are fertilized at the same time by two separate sperms. Having different heredity, they may be no more alike than any other two children in the same

family. But they are real twins.

6. *Will the birth of twins be more painful?* Seventy per cent of all twins are premature. They are therefore much smaller than ordinary, so the muscles used during birth are not required to stretch as much as for one child. Twins are usually delivered within minutes of each other and the labor is shorter than for a single child.

7. *What are twins' chances of survival?* As the care of premature babies grows more efficient each year, the mortality rate for twins declines. If your doctor feels it necessary, he will have incubators waiting for the twins in the delivery room. In the hospital nursery, they will be cared for by doctors and nurses who are specialists in this field. They may be placed in isolettes, new-type incubators that permit the nurses to feed and change the babies through port-holes in the unit. The temperature and oxygen supply are controlled artificially. Your babies need never be taken out until they are strong enough. Even if your babies are born at home there are special ambulances now designed just for premature babies. They have incubators and all essential equipment, and can rush your new twins safely to a hospital.

8. *Will they develop normally?* The greatest handicap twins have to

overcome is prematurity. Other than this, they are just as normal as a single baby. Once past infancy their chances for survival will be just as good as those of any other child.

9. Are twins slower than other children? They are a little slow to talk sometimes, but this is because they have such a wonderful jabber language of their own. So relax and enjoy them. Don't compare them to the only child next door. Twins at school age are just as strong and intelligent as other children.

10. Are twins twice as much work? There are as many answers to this as there are mothers of twins. Most seem to agree that the actual physical care amounts to about one and a half as much as a single baby requires.

It isn't much more trouble to sterilize 16 bottles than eight, or to bathe an extra baby, once the equipment is assembled. The added time it takes to feed and change two is compensated for by the fact that they amuse each other. There is seldom a bored and fussy baby among twins.

On the other hand, most parents of twins say that the emotional strain is three or four times as great. It can be nerve-racking to have two babies crying at the same time and to be able to care for only one. You must double your patience for toilet training and temper

tantrums. You must show the same enthusiasm for a new word or skill for the second performance as for the first.

Practically all veteran mothers of twins would urge you to take advantage of all the labor-saving devices you possibly can, even if it means straining the budget for a few months. Diaper service is well worth the cost. Hire extra help if you can. If this seems like a luxury, remember that your entertainment expenses will be nil for quite a while to come!

I know one set of grandparents who made the expenses of a day worker their gift to the new babies. The mother says that the loving, unhurried attention she was able to give her twins was the best gift they could have had.

However, fathers and mothers both agree that, whatever extra work there is in having twins, the rewards are great. Because the extra pair of hands is so greatly needed, fathers and mothers of twins are truly a team.

There will be days, of course, when you will feel that an extra mother should arrive simultaneously with the extra baby. But when you see two small, bright heads bent in prayer while two round little bottoms stick impudently out behind, you'll fervently hope all yours come in pairs. And then too, as one practical-minded mother put it, "It's a wonderful way to save nine months."

Archaeologists' spades find evidence of the Deluge

In the Wake of Noe's Ark

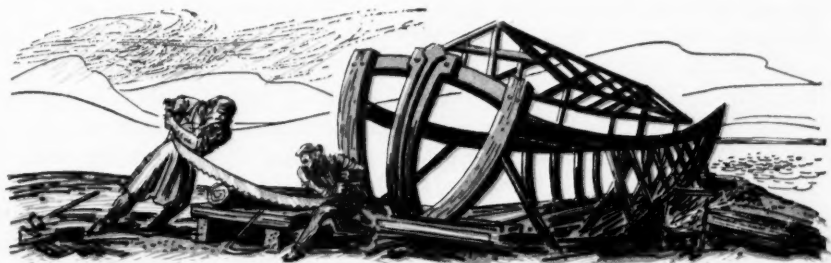
By LEONARD WOOLEY

Condensed from *The Listener**

IN 1929, I was digging at Ur in Mesopotamia. This was the first home of the patriarch Abraham. We were searching the famous royal graves with their extraordinary treasures, which can be dated to something like 2800 B.C. On a whim, I determined to dig yet deeper. We sank a small shaft below the graves, and went down through the mixed rubbish that is characteristic of an old inhabited site—a mixture of decomposed mud brick, ashes, and broken pottery. Then suddenly it all stopped: there were no more potsherds, no ashes, only clean, water-laid mud. The workman told me that he had reached virgin soil; that there was nothing more to be found, and he had better go elsewhere.

I got down, looked at the evidence, and agreed with him; but

then I took my levels and found that virgin soil was not nearly as deep down as I expected. That upset a favorite theory of mine, and I hate having my theories upset except on the very best of evidence. I asked him to go on digging. He did so, unwillingly, turning up nothing but clean soil that contained no sign of human activity. He worked down through eight feet of it; then, suddenly, flint implements and shards of painted pottery appeared. The pottery, we were fairly sure, was the earliest made in southern Iraq. I was convinced of what the eight feet of clear earth meant, but I wanted to see whether others would arrive at the same conclusion. I brought up two of my staff, pointed out the facts, and asked for their conclusions. They couldn't answer. My



**Magazine of the BBC, March 12, 1953.*

wife came along. I asked her the same question, and she turned away, remarking quite casually, "Well, of course, it came from Noe's Flood."

So it was. But one could scarcely argue for the Deluge on the strength of a shaft a yard square. The next season, I dug a huge pit, 64 feet deep. The level at which we started had been the ground surface of about 2800 B.C. Almost immediately, we came upon ruins of houses slightly older than that; we cleared them away and found more houses below them. In the first 20 feet we dug through no fewer than eight sets of houses, each of which had been built over the ruins of the age before.

The house ruins stopped, and we found ourselves digging through a solid mass of potsherds. It was a vase factory which had run so long that, by the stratified shards, we could trace the course of history. Near the bottom came wares like those archaeologists have found in Erech, an early Sumerian royal city. At the very bottom was the painted ware of the land's earliest immigrants. And then came the clean, water-laid mud, 11 feet of it. On analysis the mud proved to be silt brought down by the river Euphrates from its upper reaches hundreds of miles away. Under the silt, based on what really was virgin soil, we found the ruins of the houses that had been overwhelmed by the flood and buried deep be-

neath the mud carried by its waters.

From the ruins of the ancient cities of Iraq, archaeologists had unearthed clay tablets on which was written a Sumerian story of a great flood. It was the same story as we have in Genesis, but it was actually written before the time of Moses, and not only that, before the time of Abraham. And the legend does not stand alone. Sober Sumerian historians had written down their country's history in the form of a list of its kings. Starting at the very beginning there is a series of fabulous rulers, and, they say: "Then came the Flood. And after the Flood kingship again descended from heaven"; and they speak of a dynasty of kings who established themselves in the city of Kish, and next of a dynasty whose capital was Erech.

Our evidence proved the truth of these supposed legends. A flood of unparalleled magnitude had taken place some little while before the Erech era. This was the flood of the Sumerian-king lists, the flood of the Sumerian legend, and the Flood of Genesis.

The Sumerian version says (this is not mentioned in Genesis) that man before the Flood lived in huts made of reeds; under the Flood deposit we found the wreckage of reed huts. Noe built his ark of light wood and bitumen. Just on top of the Flood deposit we found a big lump of bitumen, bearing the imprint of the basket in which it

had been carried, just as I have myself seen the crude bitumen from the pits of Hit on the middle Euphrates being put in baskets for export downstream. I reckoned that, to throw up 11 feet of silt against the mound on which the primitive town of Ur stood, the water would have to be at least 25 feet deep; the account in Genesis says that the depth of the flood water was 15 cubits, which is roughly 26 feet. "Twenty-six feet?" you may say, "that's not much of a flood!" But lower Iraq is so flat and low-lying that a flood having that depth at Ur would spread over an area 300 miles long and 100 miles wide.

Noe's Flood filled all the valley of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. It drowned the whole of the habitable land between the eastern and the western deserts. For the people who lived there, that was all the world.

The Flood wiped out most of the villages and exterminated their inhabitants. Although some of the towns set upon mounds survived, it was but a scanty and dispirited remnant of the nation that watched the waters recede at last. No wonder that they saw in this disaster divine punishment of a sinful generation and described it in a great religious poem.



Football Fun

YALE had just scored a touchdown to take a 40 to 14 lead in the closing minutes of the Harvard game. A little guy with a big 99 on his brand new jersey left the bench and raced out to take his place in the lineup. While the spectators were wondering who he was, Yale ran off its conversion play. Little 99 ran into the end zone, was knocked down, got up, and eventually caught a pass for the 41st point. Then 99 was identified—Charlie Yeager, Yale's student manager, who had waited all his life to get in and play football with the big guys.

Seventeen Associated Press sports writers voted this the funniest incident of last year's football season, although there were a lot of dillies. During the Wake Forest-Baylor game, for instance, Baylor's bear-cub mascot saw the head linesman throw a red flag onto the field to indicate a penalty, and dashed down the gridiron to swipe it.

Mario Moriello of Boston university gets the prize for belligerency. He was tossed out of the Villanova game for roughness, then excitedly left the bench to tackle Charley Bruno and was promptly given the heave-ho again. A good competitor was Wake Forest's Vann Seawall. He was manning the spotter's phone on the bench when the man upstairs saw a Baylor runner break loose and shouted "Stop him!" Vann dropped the phone and tackled the runner.

Hugh Fullerton in the *Washington Post* (14 Dec. '52).

BOOKS

RECENT READING

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

Shepherd's Tartan, Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P. (N.Y., Sheed & Ward, Inc., 179 pp. \$2.50.)

To many people, Sisters seem mysterious creatures. They teach the children and walk quietly among us like gentle afternoon shadows. Occasionally a glimpse of them in the shopping district, among hurrying thousands, brings something of the shock that comes from seeing a medieval cathedral in the midst of groups of houses designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Then of course there's the Sisters' parlor where parents meet the nuns. Glittering clean it is. Every chair is just so. Flowers before the blessed Virgin's statue. The average parent turns not to jelly but to prunes and prisms and assumes the language of 19th-century piety in speaking of quite simple things. All this hardly furthers knowledge of the quiet women who carry their exhausting burden of teaching and service with the humility of Francis of Assisi—and something of his transfiguring joy.

Yesterday she was Margaret Mary Murphy, today she is Sister Mary of the Sponge and Nails. It is to be assumed that her novitiate training has channeled her energies into spiritual ways. But there is no

reason why her essential humanity should be changed. Any community that turns out plaster saints can hardly expect to do the work of a Lord who went among people with the simplicity of a peasant. Teresa of Avila, one of the greatest of women saints, a Doctor of the Church and a profound mystic, retained her warm human qualities to the very end of her days. The flask of orange water she kept in her cell was the mark of her intensely feminine love of cleanliness and beauty. A woman does not become a saint by ceasing to be a woman.

So it is with nuns. They *are* human and they have perhaps the most artless appreciation of the comic aspects of life that exists today.

People who think nuns are strange or mysterious will find *Shepherd's Tartan* both a revelation and a pleasure. It is to my way of thinking one of the most delightful books ever written about nuns by a nun. Sister Mary Jean's classroom and missionary activities are related with rare good humor and profound intuition. Her meditation on hats and bonnets will convulse every woman who wonders why she buys the hats she does.

The whole spirit of the book, between the flashes of fun, is the revelation of a rich personality. It takes nuns out of the plaster into living flesh and blood.

Sister Mary Jean is widely known for her charming silhouettes that have appeared as illustrations in several delightful books. *Shepherd's Tartan* proves that she has an equal talent for writing.

A young lady in grade school, who confides in me, has told me she intends to found a new Order of nuns. They will wear colorful babushkas and will go to all their duties on horseback. It's an ambition I feel Sister Mary Jean would understand.

The Making of a Moron, Niall Brennan. (N.Y., Sheed & Ward, Inc. 189 pp. \$2.50.)

This is an important book. Everyone should read it, particularly those men and women who believe we have a civilization and are concerned with the direction in which it is moving.

The book makes complete mincemeat of the "bigger and better elephants" philosophy loudly trumpeted by superficial thinkers. What is our technical civilization doing for us and to us? Is big business turning us into morons? Have labor unions and business managers thought too much of problems and not enough of men and the qualities that make men?

These and many other questions are analyzed by Niall Brennan with genuine wit and cogency. Those who expect from Catholic writers only charity and brilliance of analysis will be agreeably surprised by Mr. Brennan's book. It has the extensive documentation of actual experience.

Brennan suspected that man's present working environment had moronic elements. So he took all sorts of jobs in various parts of the world in order that he might have first hand knowledge of his subject.

Strangely enough, he did not find that morons necessarily were made

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

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(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. *The Mission Bell*, by Leo Politi (Scribner, \$2.50).

Intermediate Group—9 to 12. *The Magic Ball from Mars*, by Carl L. Biemiller (Morrow, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. *The Dragon and*

the Book, by Christine Price (Longmans, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. *Bennett High*, by Marguerite Dickson (Longmans, \$2.75).

Knowledge Builders. *Here Is a Book*, by Marshall McClintock (Vanguard, \$2.75).

by unskilled labor, though this is a popular notion of highbrows.

Mr. Brennan did find that a faulty business philosophy is the nemesis of any man's dignity and wholeness. It is this philosophy accepted by both the business men and the unions that has mangled man and made him into a faceless and soulless proletarian. Man, as man, has been reduced to a primitive standard of living. Men are rebellious because their rich possibilities are not made use of. In losing sight of the realities involved, men are slowly losing their happi-

ness and most of their good reason.

In two final chapters *The Mutilation of Man* and *The Making of Man*, Mr. Brennan goes to the heart of the matter and suggests basic remedies which may put an end to a philosophy and mode of business conduct that are slowly turning us into morons. The verse on the dust jacket sums up the question every reader must ask himself at the close of the book:

*There goes the happy moron;
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron—
But then—perhaps I am!*



Sisters Are People

IN one of our large cities, some Sisters were living in a section where smoke, noise and the clatter of trains made genteel convent living nearly impossible.

After many prayers for a more suitable place the Sisters were presented with a beautiful country estate. Continuing to crowd favor with the saints, the Sisters now sought to sell the old place. Again their prayers were answered: an Order of Religious men bought it. But written into the contract was an option to remove later from the chapel the religious statuary which had become dear to the older Sisters.

It was 25 years before the Sisters in their new place had a chapel large enough to house the treasured old statues. But they then presented their claims to the Father Superior at the old site. The Fathers reverently removed the statues from one dusty niche after another without incident. When they came to St. Joseph, however, one of the old Sisters became quite visibly agitated. Molded and yellowed beneath the feet of St. Joseph lay this note. "Dear St. Joseph, please send someone to buy this awful dump."

Rev'd. R. O. Thornberry.



Campinhos—the cowboys of Portugal—use their long wooden lances to keep the dogies rounded up. Their stocking caps serve as lunch box, cigarette case, and pockets.

PORTUGAL

Portrait of a People

By ANNE E. GORMAN

TAKE the warm, happy informality of a clambake, add the excitement of a country fair and the flashing color of a parade, mix well with music, set against an improbably beautiful backdrop, and you have Portugal.

Portugal is a land of strange and

sudden contrasts; a land of smiles, peace, and grave politeness. Geographically small, it is bounded by the surge and thunder of the Atlantic and the stern heights of the mountains. The people of Portugal have a smile on their lips and sadness in their eyes. They sing, and

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P O R T U G A L

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A smile from a Lisbon policeman may shock American tourists but the Portuguese expect it. Only good-tempered men need apply for jobs on the force.

their songs are melancholy; they dance, and their dances are formal and chaste.

For eight centuries, Portugal has been a nation with a name, a government, and a fiercely independent spirit. Slow to change, she keeps the old, adds to it the new, blends both in quiet harmony. The Lusitanian people are a melting pot of races and nations. Like the ocean, waves of conquerors have broken over Portuguese soil, and, like the ocean, they have never conquered. All have been absorbed into the complex national character.

From the Phoenicians come an enduring love of faraway places and seafaring adventure. The Romans added a sterner strain—respect for order and the urge to colonize and civilize the remote lands. The Moors left behind them

an abiding melancholy and a profound sense of the transitory nature of the world and its works. The Celts came over the mountain wall of the Pyrenees, and their heritage is stubborn resistance to tyranny and a love of music and poetry.

All these have formed the Portuguese character: proud and gentle; independent and industrious; men whose deep love for their homeland is matched only by their longing for strange seas and legendary islands.

Portugal has been generous with her heritage. Discoverer of the New World, Mistress of the Seas, she sent her sons to the ends of the earth to teach all men the great news. The best of her products were always exported: St. Anthony, born in Lisbon; St. Francis Xavier; Apostle to the Indies; and Ferdinand Magellan, first to travel around the world.

One of Portugal's greatest charms has always been her people. Good-natured, honest, and friendly, they are as colorful and as varied as their country. Lisbon's "varinhas," the statuesque women who peddle fish, balancing their wares in flat baskets on their heads, are said to be among the most beautiful women in the world.

A gleaming panorama of pink, green, white, and yellow buildings, Portugal, and especially Lisbon, is a combination of the old and the new. Modern office buildings and apartment houses stand beside majestic 12th-century cathedrals and

cloisters. The newest autos share the spacious mosaic-bordered boulevards with horse-drawn carts.

In Portugal, even the police smile, and their good nature is not an accident. Only men of equable temperament are chosen for the job of directing the complex traffic of Lisbon. Long training and exacting tests weed out all but the most even-tempered and patient men who can smile even at rush hour.

Within its small compass, Portugal embraces all kinds of occupations. On the long level plains of the Ribatejo, cowboys ride herd on cattle. Their long lances and knit white stockings are their distinguishing costume. At Vila Franca de Xira, the festival of the "Colete Encarnada" is the event of the year. The "colete" is the flaming red waistcoat worn by both ranchers and riders in this region of fertile grazing lands. Annually the finest cattle and horses are driven to this fair for sale and exhibition. Visitors to the fair can try their hand at bullfighting at an unusual inn which boasts a private bull ring.

Along the Atlantic coast, the fishermen wear brilliant-hued plaids, said to be a relic of the Highlanders who passed through during the Peninsular Wars. The lives of these people are inextricably bound to the sea. Each year, just as their ancestors went, they set out for the Grand Banks to fish for cod. Each year, before sailing, they pass in solemn procession through the great doors of the Church of the Jeronim-



A smiling girl sells her pastries in the bustling market of Caldas da Rainha, the town of the "Queen's Spring," and busy center of Portugal's ceramic industry.

mos to receive a special blessing on their arduous and dangerous mission.

This year, three cities in Portugal are celebrating their 1,000th birthday—a commonplace in this ancient land. One of the most delightful of these old towns is Obidos, walled round completely in golden stone. Obidos was traditionally the wedding gift of the King of Portugal to his bride. Nearby at Caldas da Rainha, "The Queen's Spring," bright pottery is sold in the open market place.

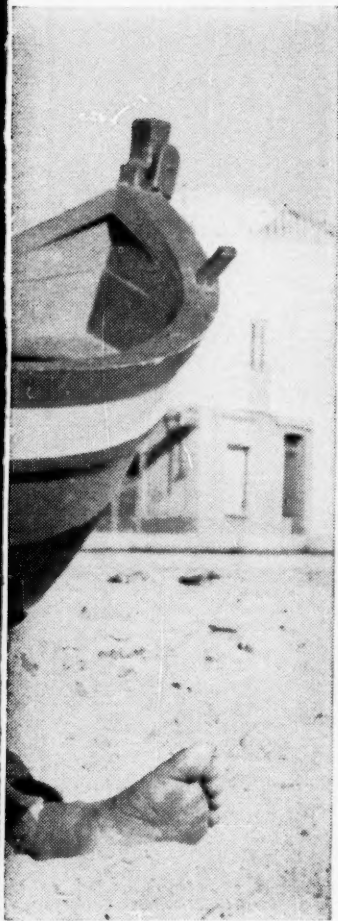
Frugal and thrifty, the Portuguese tend their farms well. Farms are operated on modern agricultural principles though often the plowing is done by red oxen, hitch-



ed ten in a team. Cork and olive groves, wide fields of grain, herds of sheep and cattle—all these are characteristic of the rich plains that border the Tagus river.

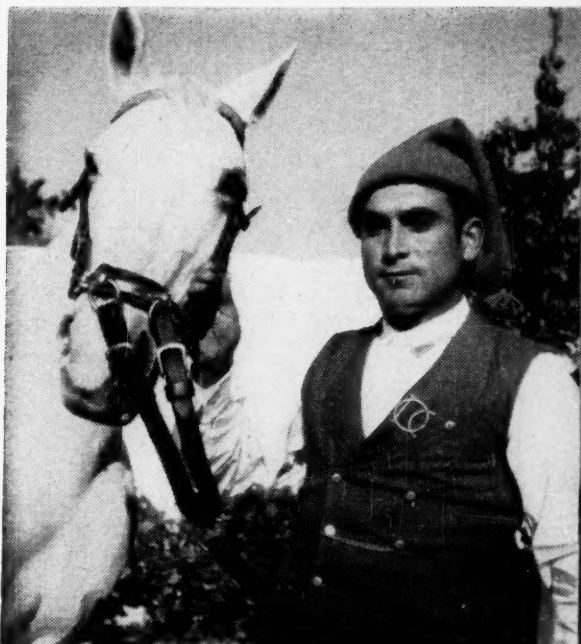
As befits its antiquity, Portugal boasts one of the oldest universities in the world. The University of Coimbra, founded in 1230, is

located on the heights of a city so old that the "New Cathedral" dates from 1598. Coimbra students wear sweeping black capes over formal tail-coats. Scorning brief-cases they tie their books with wide ribbons—red for Law, yellow for Medicine, blue for Science—each college having its traditional color. At com-



The young and old of it—relaxing on the broad beach of Nazare. Plaids are being worn and there's only one fashion rule: the pants and the shirt should not match!

Below the heights of Coimbra university, this young lady has come along to help her mother who is doing the wash in the broad Mondego river. →



The "colete encarnada" or red waistcoat is the proud badge of the Ribatejo rider. This one shows his horse at the annual fair of Golegao.





Collegians at Coimbra, even the girls, mark their books with broad bright ribbons. The choice of color indicates the college to which they belong.



mencement, graduating students throw their ribbons into a blazing bonfire in the city's main square.

Throughout Europe for centuries the ultimate in courtesy has always been expressed by the phrase "as polite as a Portuguese." Nowhere are there more friendly, more hospitable people than in this sun-drenched land where the greeting echoes "Sede Benvindos"—"Welcome to you."

The famed Coimbra cape, traditional dress of the students at this ancient university, doubles as a frat pin. Scraps torn from the hem are given as tokens of esteem.

→
Everybody's happy in Portugal, especially the children. The lad on the left manages to smile despite his obvious suspender trouble.





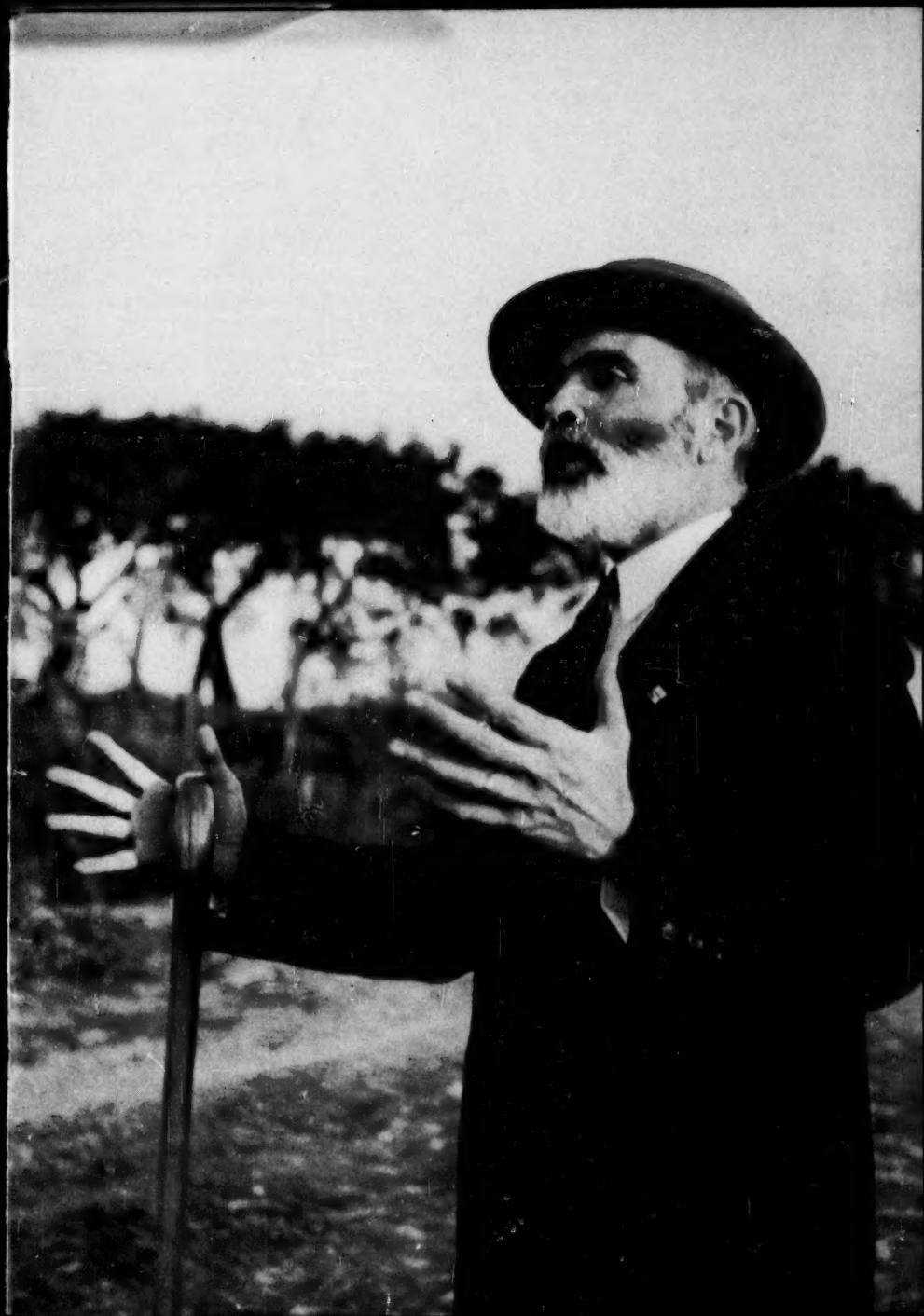
Every little bit helps, and this youngster is learning early the difficult art of balancing her bundles on her head.

Antonio Palha, one of Portugal's leading stockmen recalls in glowing terms the bravery of one of his famed fighting bulls. Yearly on his ranch the "tenta" or testing of bulls is held, to choose the most courageous animals for the ring. Near the Palha ranch is the Wild Cattle Inn, where visitors can try their tauromachic skill in a private bull ring. →

Photos by Will Glass

Mending the nets is an important job for these Nazare fishermen, and a skill that even the youngest can acquire early in life.





LO MEJOR DEL CATHOLIC DIGEST
NEW YORK, U. S. A.



July 18, 1953

Editor:

Sir, I'm a young man 24 years old. I work in a camp in the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. I'm chief of the camp in the heart of the jungle, with an exploring company in search of sulphur. Our only means of communication is the helicopter. I have always liked good books; but as it is impossible to have them in this camp, I have taken a liking to what I consider good magazines. Thus, one day, I came across a copy of LO MEJOR DEL CATHOLIC DIGEST. Since then, three issues of this magazine have passed before my eyes and I may tell you, with satisfaction, that it is the only one I read without skipping a single page. Its articles are interesting and entertaining, so that the reader can read without effort articles of different types: scientific, biographical, military, etc. Religious articles used to vex me; now I read them eagerly, for their literary style: light, pleasant, variable, and above all easy to assimilate.

Now I wait, and with me almost all the staff, the arrival of the helicopter, hoping for news, and specially waiting for our LO MEJOR DEL CATHOLIC DIGEST.

With best regards, I am,

Chief of the Camp of Buena Vista, Ver.

ROBERTO C. C. VALENCIA

It seems almost impossible that where civilization had not set foot, a magazine has penetrated and is read by at least 70 persons. It ends up all soiled by the hardened hands of the drilling workers.

Julio 18, 1953

LO MEJOR DEL CATHOLIC DIGEST
NUEVA YORK, U. S. A.

Director:

Señor, soy un joven de 24 años, trabajo en un Campamento situado en el Istmo de Tehuantepec, México. Soy jefe de Campo y estoy alejado de todo centro de población, es decir me encuentro en plena selva, con una Compañía Exploradora en busca de Azufre. Nuestra única comunicación es el helicóptero.

Siempre he sido afecto a los buenos libros; pero como me es imposible tenerlos en este Campamento, me he aficionado a lo que yo creo buenas revistas; así un día de tantos cayó a mis manos un ejemplar de Lo Mejor del Catholic Digest, y desde esa fecha han pasado por mis ojos tres ejemplares de dicha revista y puedo decir con satisfacción que es la única en que no salto ninguna de sus hojas; sus artículos son interesantes y amenos, haciendo al lector que lea sin fastidio artículos de diferente género: Científicos, Biográficos, Guerreros, etc; así mismo artículos religiosos que en mí era un fastidio leerlos, ahora leo éstos con entusiasmo por su literatura, ligera, agradable, variable y sobre todo de gran asimilación.

Ahora espero y conmigo casi todo el personal la llegada del helicóptero con la esperanza de noticias y sobre todo en espera de nuestro: LO MEJOR DEL CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Me suscribo a ustedes, Jefe de Campo de Buena Vista, Ver.

ROBERTO C. C. VALENCIA
Cía. Exploradora del Istmo S.A.
Juarez 10. Coatzacoalcos, Ver. México

Casi parece imposible como donde nunca había puesto un pie la civilización ha penetrado una revista que la leen no menos de setenta personas terminando manchada al pasar por las manos de los obreros de perforación.